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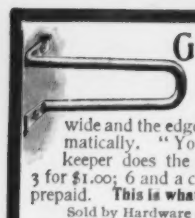

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IN MEMORY OF OUR SOLDIERS

IN MEMORY OF OUR SAILORS

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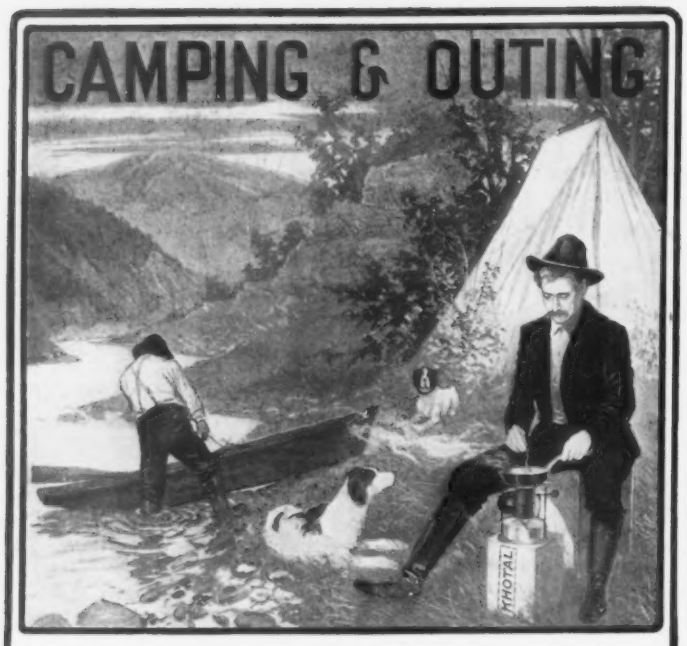

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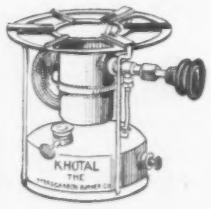

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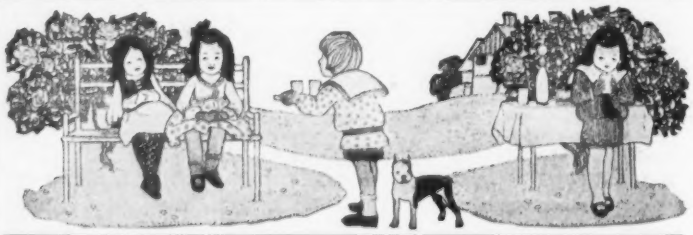

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VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN
NUMBER NINE

NEW YORK : JUNE 1, 1901

TEN CENTS A COPY
$5.20 PER YEAR

The WEEK

LORD SALISBURY HAS IN HIS DAY AND GENERATION said and done some most surprising things. But it is doubtful if he ever succeeded in creating more amazement than in his recent speech in Parliament. The whole world is talking about it to this day. The purpose which the noble lord had in view was a glorification of the British Empire. He claimed the war in South Africa had increased the prestige of Great Britain. This may be Lord Salisbury's view, but it is not that of the remainder of mankind. The Premier appears to be maladroit, in characteristic English fashion, in thus attempting to cite the protracted struggle of the greatest empire in the world with a handful of South African farmers as evidence of the power and military stamina of England. By expenditure of more money than the Crimean War cost her, by losing approximately one-third as many men as both her antagonistic States contained at the outbreak of hostilities, Great Britain has managed to wipe out two independent nations, more or less completely, and to set up a new colony in a distant land. If this makes for the glory of the British Empire, Lord Salisbury and his sympathizers are welcome to all the satisfaction they can get out of it. Even more surprising was the Premier's awkward reference to Ireland and Home Rule. Complacently remarking that if Gladstonian ideas had prevailed, England would have had an Irish rebellion at her door, Lord Salisbury, instead of celebrating the strength of Great Britain, only exposes the sore spot in the Empire which good policy would have kept as much as possible in the background. It must be remembered that for many years Ireland has been only nominally British; and here is the head of the government advertising the fact that one member of the so-called United Kingdom only awaits a convenient opportunity to break out in open revolt. In South Africa, by force of greater numbers and dint of costly perseverance, the British have set up two more Irelands in addition to the one which they already possessed there. That is to say, there are now four States—Ireland, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State—which must be ruled through force alone. Whatever else may be said about the British Premier, there must be sincere admiration for the audacity with which he marshals these most uncomfortable conditions as proof of the glorious strength and growing prestige of the long-suffering Empire.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

THE CENSUS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM HAS brought out some interesting facts. Observers who were sure England had at last suffered such impairment of its vitality that it had joined the ranks of what the Marquis of Salisbury called "the dying nations" will have to revise their judgment, at least so far as population is concerned. During the last ten years the increase of population in England and Wales has been a little more than 12 per cent, which is quite up to the average of recent decades. Whatever fate may have in store for the British Empire as regards commercial supremacy and political leadership, it is evident the downhill gradient has not been reached in that important source of national strength, the steady growth of population. At the same time, it is easy to see, as Census Commissioner Merriam has pointed out at Washington, how rapidly the United States are leaving Great Britain behind in the race. Between 1891 and 1901, England and Wales gained 12 per cent, Ireland has lost as usual, while Scotland's gain, though not as yet officially reported, is sure to be less than 10 per cent. The net gain for the United Kingdom, therefore, is not likely to exceed 10 or 11 per cent. In the last decade the United States gained nearly 21 per cent. It will surprise most people to learn that at last the United States have probably passed Great Britain in the number of cities having more than 100,000 population. The number of such cities returned for England and Wales is 30. If we add thereto Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen, which are believed to be the only cities of Scotland and Ireland to reach this distinction, the total will be 36. There are 38 cities in the United States having 100,000 population or over.

CENSUS COMMISSIONER MERRIAM

HOW RICH MEN SPEND THEIR MONEY IS A TOPIC which interests all mankind. Mr. Rockefeller, whose specialty is colleges and churches, cannot give his money away as fast as it piles up, try as hard as he may. Mr. Morgan gives munificently, spasmodically, and more or less secretly. Mr. Carnegie, by endowing Scottish educational institutions to the tune of ten millions at a jump, in addition to his vast investments in libraries in both hemispheres, is making respectable though not conclusive progress toward his goal of escaping the disgrace of dying rich. Perhaps Mr. William C. Whitney has found as rational a method as any of disposing of his surplus. Mr. Whitney has not endowed any colleges or churches, but he keeps up great establishments of his own, domestic and racing, and spends fortunes in doing so. On his great estate in the Berkshire Hills, near Lenox, Mass., he is devoting many thousands of dollars a year to the development of a beautiful forest park. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, has sent to Mr. Whitney one of the most skilful foresters in the government service, and under the direction of this expert systematic efforts are to be made to preserve and promote the forest growth of that region. Some of the young trees are to be marked for sacrifice for the benefit of the remainder. Others are to be planted and preserved. In time the effects of this scientific treatment will be pleasantly apparent. The example is a good one for other landowners to follow. Besides looking out for the trees, Mr. Whitney has just imported a carload of black-tailed deer from British Columbia, and he now has the finest deer-park in New England. All this not only beautifies the country, but gives employment to many men. A sensible way to spend one's money.

W. C. WHITNEY

IT IS NO LONGER DOUBTED BY ANY KEEN student of public affairs that the tariff question is again coming rapidly to the front in American politics. In fact, it appears to be the only question of prime importance likely to demand attention at the hands of Congress next winter. There is a growing agitation in favor of lower tariffs. COLLIER'S WEEKLY has already commented upon this movement, which now seems to be gaining strength. Much of the agitation has its origin in the West, which has been largely Republican in its party tendencies, but never wholly satisfied with the ultra-tariff idea. Not only did Mr. Babcock of Wisconsin introduce a free steel and iron bill last spring, but now Senator Cullom of Illinois, a Republican of the Republicans, is advocating lower tariffs by means of reciprocity treaties. His views are of importance because he is quite sure to be the new chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, succeeding the late Senator Davis. Leading Republicans of Iowa, and the chief Republican newspapers of Chicago and other Western cities, are now favoring the movement. President McKinley's attitude, as interpreted by his Cabinet friends at Washington, is to push reciprocity treaties as a compromise between continuation of the high tariff walls on the one hand and the radical extreme of a general tariff revision on the other. The Administration has made certain promises to the Cubans in order to secure acceptance of the Platt resolutions, and it is believed the first test of strength between the interests which want a continuation of high protection and the newer theory of liberal reciprocity arrangements will come over the Cuban settlement. The sugar and tobacco interests of the country are already preparing for the fray.

SENATOR CULLOM

FOR SOME TIME THE PRESS HAS BEEN FILLED with mutterings of a combination of European powers against the United States. The agitation takes the form of a commercial, not a political or military, war. That there will be more and more of this sort of talk cannot be doubted. But as the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, recently pointed out, it will be difficult for the European nations to get together. They are not only rivals of ours, but of one another. Their interests are widely different. They cannot easily find common ground. At the same time, it behooves the people of the United States to be up and thinking and doing about this situation. A check to our tremendous export trade, throwing our surplus goods back upon our hands, would be a serious disaster. It might, indeed, coming at an inopportune moment, bring on panic of the worst sort. There never before was a time when study of international relations, political and commercial, was as important as now. It is a good thing to get acquainted with our neighbors, and to cultivate the spirit of what Mr. Gage calls "give and take" in the commercial field. Chicago University is therefore doing good work in attracting to its halls, one after another, the foreign diplomats stationed at Washington, and giving them a chance to speak of their country and its relations to the United States. M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, recently visited Chicago under these auspices, and he pointed out, with the utmost frankness and good-nature, that ratification of the reciprocity treaty now pending between France and the United States would remove much of the cause of suspiciousness and opposition to America now rampant among his people. Coming events nearly always cast their shadows before.

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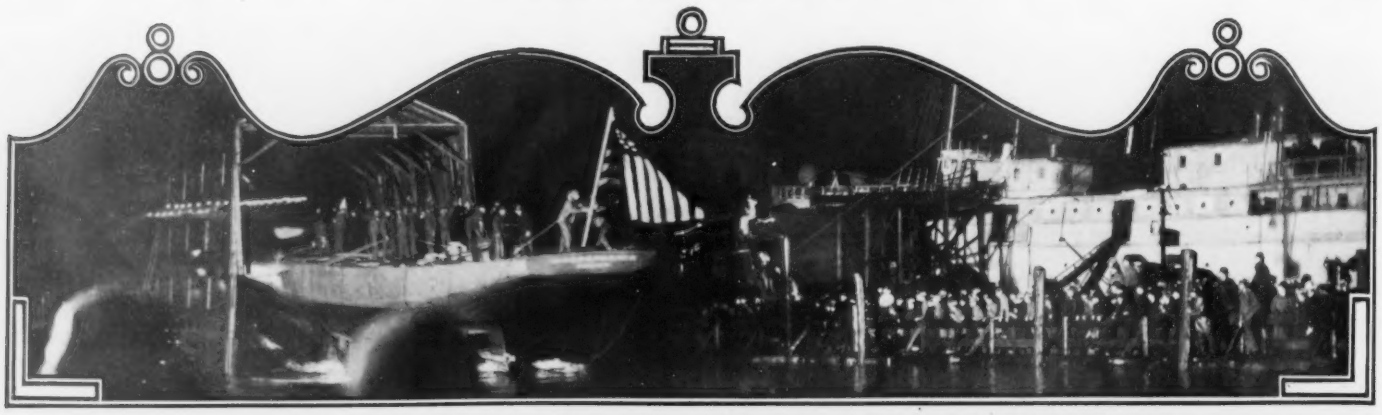
AMBASSADOR CAMBON

NAVAL POWER IS TO BE THE NATIONAL POWER of the future. There is no doubt about that. All the signs of the times point to this conclusion. Land forces are to become of less and less importance, sea force of greater and greater. In our own country the spirit of public opinion, which consciously or unconsciously is nearly always right about such matters, frowns upon any large increase of the army and applauds every addition to the navy. For these reasons the public is glad to learn not only that the navy is growing in ships and guns, but that its direction is becoming more and more scientific. The opening of the summer course at the Naval College at Newport is just now attracting attention. Here is a college without set curriculum, without classes, graduates or diplomas. But it is doing good work, for all that. International law is one of the most important studies at the Naval College. Ordinarily, one supposes it is the duty of naval officers to fight, not to negotiate; but in practice the officers of all modern navies have much more to do with law than with shot and shell. Hence the study of international law at the Naval College, with Professor Moore of Columbia setting up hypothetical complications and pointing the best way out of them, while Captain Mahan lectures on strategy.

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN

THAT MOST INTERESTING OF WALL STREET characters, Mr. James R. Keene, has been giving a waiting world some of the philosophy of the business in which he is a recognized past-master. As becomes a great operator in the Street, and the erstwhile leader of the Bears, Mr. Keene is both pessimistic and cynical. But he is not dull. The difference between gambling and speculation, he says, is that the gambler plunges in the market much as he would place his money on this or that card at faro, while the speculator operates upon information. This remark will doubtless strike not a few of the lambs now limping and bleating about the country as one which contains much more truth than poetry. The average lay investor in Wall Street has been buying stocks not because he knew anything about them, but because every one else was loading up and prices were bound to rise. So they did for a time, until certain combinations were formed within the precincts of the Street and the bottom was knocked out of the whole business. According to Mr. Keene's classification, the lambs are gamblers, pure and simple, while the men who formed the ruinous combinations rise to the dignity of speculators. The moral of Mr. Keene's revelations, if they have any, is obvious enough. There is one good way to make money out of Wall Street, and that is by keeping out of it.

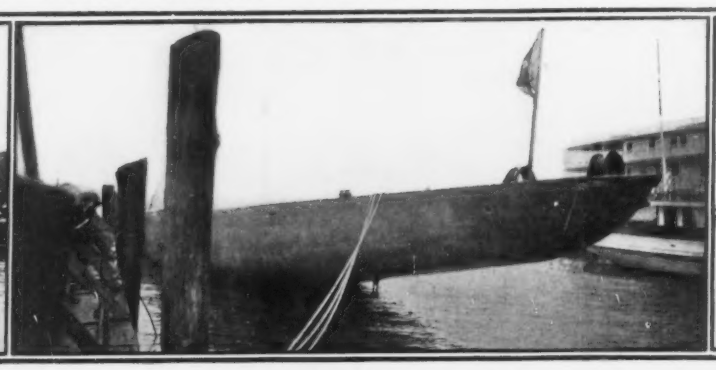
JAMES R. KEENE



THE NIGHT LAUNCH OF "INDEPENDENCE," SHOWING MEMBERS OF CREW RAISING THE FLAG AS SHE TOOK THE WATER

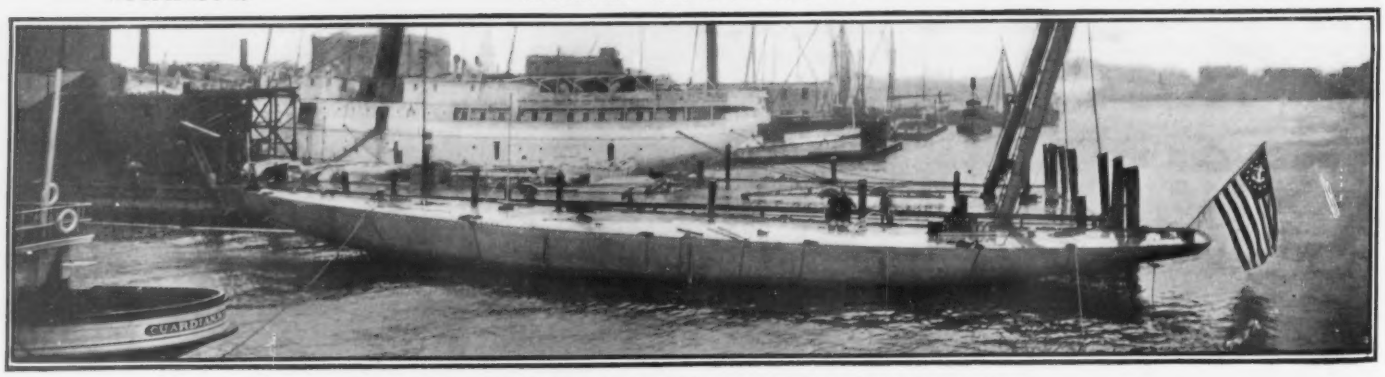
THE CREW OF "INDEPENDENCE" WARPING THE YACHT TO THE DOCK AFTER THE LAUNCH

THE BUILDING SHED

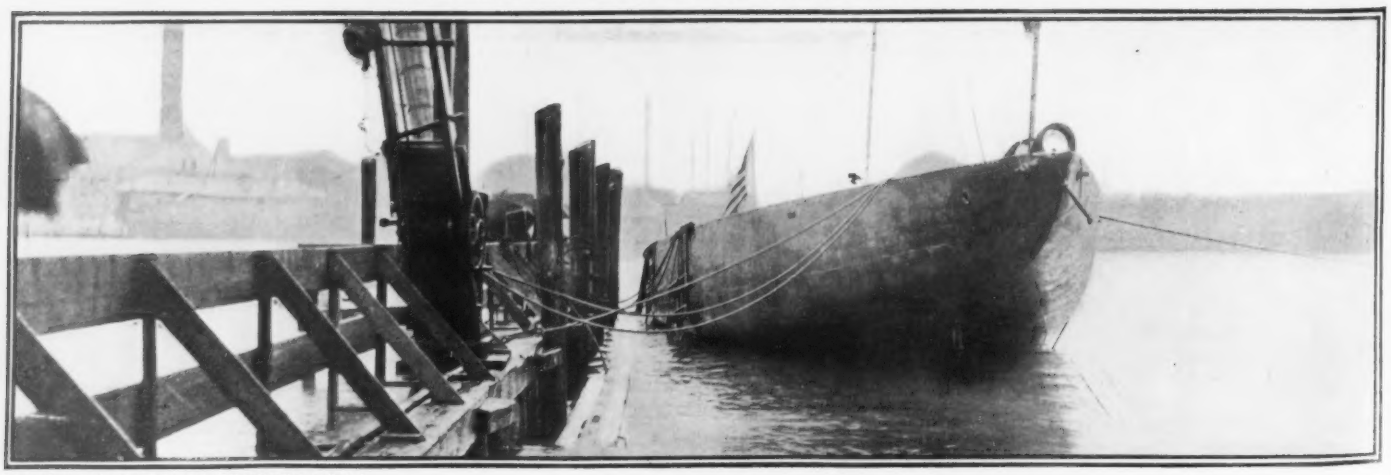


THE SHARK-HEAD "NOSE" OF THE YANKEE RACER

THE YACHT ON THE WAYS



SPARRING "INDEPENDENCE"—HOW THE BIG "STICK" OF THE YACHT WAS SET IN PLACE



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BOW VIEW OF THE CUP DEFENDER, CONVEYING SOME IDEA OF HER SIZE AND STABILITY

LAUNCH OF "INDEPENDENCE," THE LATEST DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S CUP

(SEE PAGE 25)

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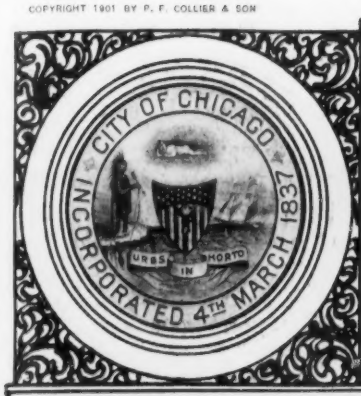

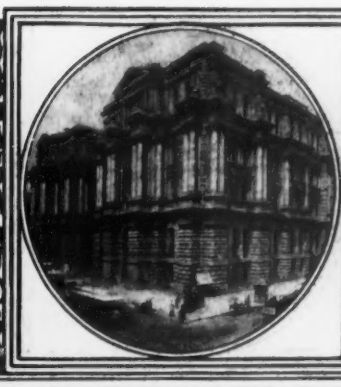

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE MAYOR OF CHICAGO

By CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor of Chicago

IN ORDER to formulate an answer to the question so frequently asked, "What does it mean to be Mayor of Chicago?" it is necessary above all things to learn and consider what Chicago is, from what sources it draws its strength, what is the character of its population, with what problems it has had to contend in the past and with what problems it is contending to-day.

To begin with the beginning, then, Chicago as a city has not yet celebrated its sixty-fourth birthday. Incorporated as a city in 1837, in but little more than three generations it has grown from a quagmire to a city of 2,000,000 of people, the metropolis of the great Middle West, a section whose growth is brawn and whose wealth is coincident with that of Chicago itself. Other cities, with which comparisons, fair and unfair to Chicago, are so frequently made, have taken centuries to accomplish what Chicago has accomplished in a lifetime. So slow has been their growth that the problems of city government they have been forced to contend with have been carefully studied and gradually solved; indeed, in their cases the problems may almost be said to have worked out their own solution.

MARVELLOUS GROWTH OF THE WESTERN METROPOLIS

Chicago, on the contrary, has grown with such giant strides that what might be ample provision for one generation has proven ridiculously ineffective for the next. It is well to stop long enough to consider this phase of the question. Here we have a city that doubles its population with each decade. Its citizen of to-day can hardly formulate a plan that will not prove useless, or at best inadequate, before he has added ten years to his own life. And so it has happened that no generation of Chicago's citizens has found itself capable of planning those things a city needs on a scale commensurate with the city's growth. Let me except a bare handful of men in each generation who have seen with prophetic eyes and have understood the possibilities of Chicago's future, who for their pains have been dubbed crack-brained dreamers or brazen-lunged blowhards by the outside world.

Think of a city reaching a population of almost 2,000,000 of people before it was old enough to elect a Mayor of native birth!

CHANGED SOMEWHAT SINCE '57

I have a letter written by my father in 1857 to a cousin back in the old home in Kentucky. In it he describes Chicago as it was in those days. One paragraph runs as follows: "This town is a wonder. Its growth is almost beyond belief. In 1840 it had 4,500 people, in 1850 less than 30,000, and now over 80,000. There are more noble marble-front buildings here than in St. Louis, more under way than in Louisville. I hardly know what the thing is to be, but would not be at all astonished if in a generation there should be 500,000 souls."

It is easy to imagine the smile of pity and incredulity on the Kentucky cousin's face as he read this, to his mind, hare-brained prophecy, and how he would descant afterward on the exhilarating effects of a climate that would give a man, sensible in other respects, such braggart qualities in less than a year. The conservative citizen of Chicago of the same period probably deprecated such ideas as wild and visionary, and thought them productive of harm to the infant community. The taxpayer, jealous of his pocketbook—as is typical of the class—held back on the traces when a proposition was advanced looking to an improvement commensurate with the growth pictured by the enthusiastic dreamer as certain to mark Chicago's future. The conservative State legislator, judging of Chicago's prospects by his home surroundings, hesitated in giving his assent when prospective legislation was described as a necessity by those who comprehended, in part at least, what the future held in store for Chicago.

"A CITY OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE HAMPERED BY SWADDLING CLOTHES"

So it has been with each generation. The conservative citizen, year after year, has withheld his consent from all schemes based on a city growth which to him seemed chimerical; and so this great city, growing from a village to a vast world centre by leaps and by bounds, has made its advances too rapidly for public improvements and still more for State legislation necessary for providing adequate improvements to keep pace with its growth. The Chicago of to-day, with its 2,000,000 of people, operates under an antiquated charter and under constitutional restrictions imposed in 1871. A city of the first magnitude is hampered by the swaddling clothes which were thought to be, and probably were, sufficient for a city of 300,000 population.

In the years since 1871 Chicago has established a great system of parks connected one with the other by magnificent boulevards. To accomplish this it was necessary to create new municipalities in the shape of park boards. These boards to-day expend their revenues under three separate and distinct managements, with no liability to nor control by the city government. Chicago in more recent years has expended $34,000,000 in constructing a great drainage canal, which, with comparatively slight expenditure on the part of the Federal Government in improving and deepening the channel of the Illinois River, may be converted into a ship canal, connecting the waters of the Great Lakes with the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus the ports of the Great Lakes would be opened by an all-American waterway to ocean vessels of 14-foot draught and, in turn, communication would be established for Lake craft with the harbors of the world. The construction of the sanitary canal made necessary the creation of the Sanitary District, another taxing body without direct responsibility to the local municipal government.

WHERE THE MAYOR COMES IN

The city government of Chicago, owing to these and other restrictions, receives for general corporate purposes but $18 out of every $100 collected within its own limits. Under the limitations of the antiquated constitution of Illinois, Chicago is so restricted in its issuance of bonds that to-day its general bonded indebtedness is less than $14,000,000, while the total debt of the municipal government is less than $27,000,000. The same constitution has brought about another peculiar result in the fact that the taxes levied within the limits of Chicago are collected and expended by fourteen different taxing bodies, each practically supreme in its own sphere.

Any one conversant with municipal affairs will see from the above statement of facts something of what it means, from a business standpoint, to be Mayor of Chicago. To thoroughly understand the difficulties of the office, however, it is necessary to look at another phase of Chicago's many-sided character.

The population of the United States to-day is not what our friends across the water, the people of the "tight little isle," regard it—an Anglo-Saxon population. For generations all the nations of the Old World have been pouring their sons and daughters into this land, until to-day our people are an admixture of all the nationalities of Christendom. In this one respect Chicago is certainly the typical American city of to-day. It may well be compared to a giant furnace in which the metals of a dozen European nations, subjected to the fire of American institutions and traditions, are being refined into the homogeneous mass which must constitute the American people of the future.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT DOESN'T COUNT FAIR

Chicago is a city of 2,000,000 of people. The Federal census, it is true, gave us but 1,700,000; but the local school census and postman's census, taken in the same year, as well as the deductions made from the names in the city directory of 1900, gave this city between 2,005,000 and 2,010,000 people. While like errors of the Federal census-taking were probably made in all other communities, and therefore an idea of the relative standing of American cities may be obtained from its figures, it is neither unfair nor unreasonable, in considering Chicago by itself, to treat it as an entity composed of 2,000,000 of people.

These 2,000,000 souls are representative of the various nationalities that make up the polyglot character of the American of to-day. Berlin and Hamburg alone of the cities of the German Empire have greater populations than the total of the German people of Chicago. Chicago's Polish population is greater than that of any city of Poland save Warsaw. Second to Prague alone is Chicago in the number of its Bohemian citizens. Stockholm alone of Scandinavian cities has a greater population than the Scandinavian part of Chicago, and Dublin is the only city of Ireland that outnumbers the Irish of Chicago. In addition to these nationalities one must take into consideration the many other races represented in this cosmopolitan city—Italians, Greeks, English and Scotch, French-Canadians, Russian Jews—each nationality a large enough representation to make up a good-sized city alone; each is established in its own district, and asks that its rights, its ideas, its traditions be respected and observed.

PERSONAL LIBERTY IN A "WIDE-OPEN TOWN"

Chicago is charged by the visitor from the rural districts and by some of its own strait-laced citizens with being "a wide-open town." "Wide open," as applied to a city, is a term subject to many constructions, as is also the modern term of "personal liberty," used so frequently in connection with municipal affairs. The meaning ascribed to these phrases largely depends upon the point of view of the observer. Judging from results, there are as many kinds of personal liberty as there are classes of believers in the abstract term.

As a native-born Chicagoan and one who has lived all his life in a city where the idea has been threshed over verbally and fought out politically for two generations, I think myself competent to give a fair idea of what is generally meant by the term "personal liberty." At least I am sure it is the conception of all believers in personal liberty who have the ability to draw a distinction between liberty and license and the conscience and courage to do what they think right to themselves and fair to their neighbors.

In the first place it may be said that the citizen of Continental birth or Continental descent is practically always a believer in personal liberty. Whether he be Protestant, Catholic or Jew, whether he comes from the cold land of the midnight sun or from the sunny shores of the Adriatic, he believes in personal liberty. He has come to this country to find political liberty, and he takes umbrage at any and every attempt to place upon his course of decent, orderly living such restrictions as were never attempted by the government of king or emperor, to be free from which he crossed the wide ocean and faced an unknown land.

BEER AND MUSIC NOT IMMORAL

The abstract idea of personal liberty, as it is understood and demanded by these citizens, may be summed up as the concrete right so to order one's life or so to be permitted to enjoy one's life as may seem best to the individual, provided that in so doing he does not conflict with the rights or the comforts of his neighbors.

Take our German fellow citizen, for example. In large part he has come to this country to free himself and his children from the intolerable burden of enforced army service. In the old fatherland, whether he came from the vine-clad valley of the Rhine, the castle-crowned hills of Thuringia, the dark depths of the Black Forest, the level stretches of Brandenburg, or the shores of the cold Baltic, he was taught to look upon Sunday as a day of rest, of which the morning was to be given to divine service, the afternoon and evening to innocent and healthful recreation. And so it is that in every city in the old country, on Sundays, the military band gives a concert—in the open air in the city park in summer, in some large hall in the winter. These concerts, in the old days, he attended with his wife and children, and there he smoked his pipe and drank his glass of beer, while his ear drank in the harmonies of music. To him it was neither morally wicked nor physically harmful to drink a glass of beer and listen to good music of a Sunday afternoon, while the good wife sat at his side and his children played soberly about him.

He came to this country to find liberty of conscience and of person. He knew America to be a free country—free from government domination in matters of religious belief, free in that the poorest as well as the richest had equal voice in matters of self-government, free in that the future held out unbounded possibilities to the energetic and ambitious, free in that it had no hateful burden of enforced army service. When told that on a Sunday he would be deprived of what he considered innocent amusement, as well as his individual right, he rebelled, and thus was started the first cry for "personal liberty"

CHICAGO IS RUN ON STRICTLY BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

When all is said and done, this is the Chicago idea of personal liberty, and in this respect alone is Chicago a "wide-open town." The Chicagoan does not confound the rational idea of personal liberty with unbridled license. He does not believe in a "wide-open" town, if by wide open you mean the uncurbed riot of vice and crime, the unrestricted reign of the social evil, the open doors of gaming houses. He recognizes the impossibility of stamping out the social evil, but holds it should be confined and, as far as is possible, restrained; above all, he demands it shall be kept away from the neighborhood of homes, where it is likely to contaminate the minds of the young and the pure. He does not believe in open gaming houses, nor in police tolerance of gambling dens, in which, under pretence of closed doors, the unwary may be fleeced and the existence of which is dependent upon blood-money paid for protection. Nor does he believe in locking the front doors of saloons in obedience to the law, while permitting evasion of the law, contempt for the law and ridicule of the law involved in permitting anybody and everybody free and unhampered access to the bar by means of a convenient side-door.

There is a Sunday-closing law in the statutes of Illinois. It was passed at so early a date that it is to be found in the revision of the latter thirties. In Chicago it has not been enforced since 1873. In that year enforcement was attempted, but met with such public hostility and disastrous results that in 1874 a Mayor was elected by an overwhelming majority who handed the city over to the domination of the lawless classes, and the last state was worse than the first. To-day

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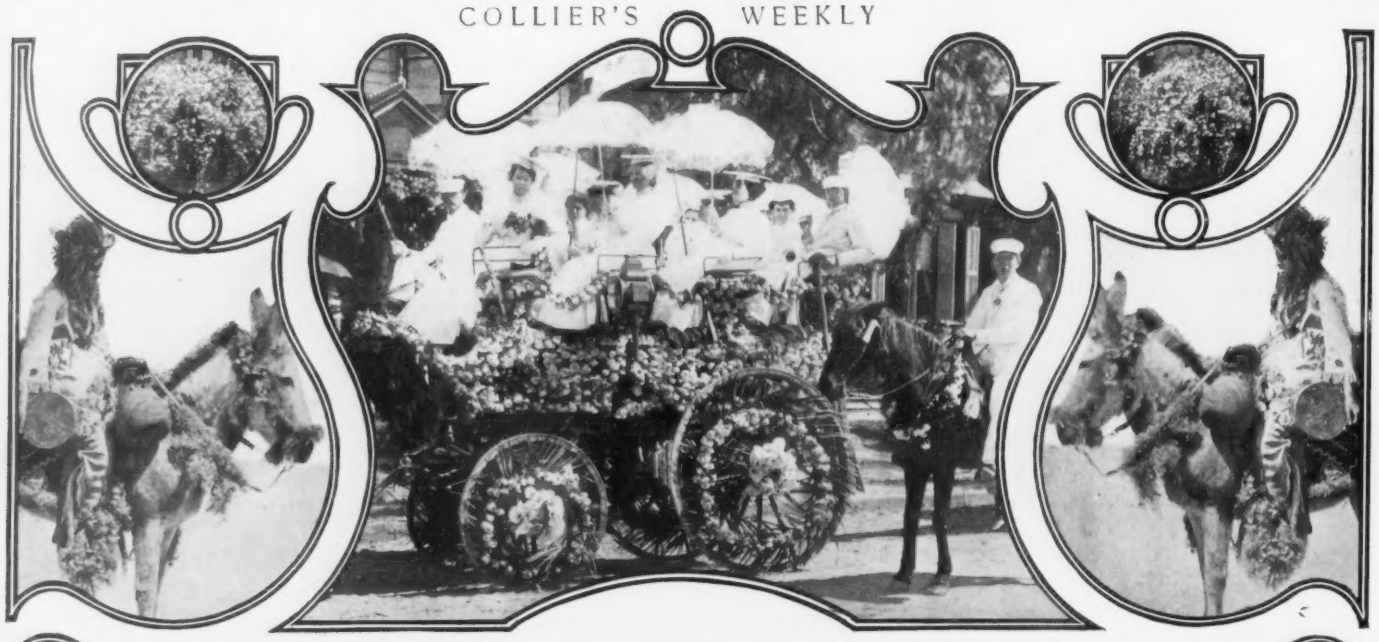
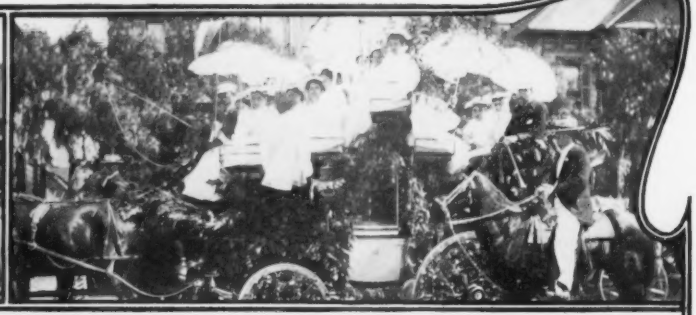


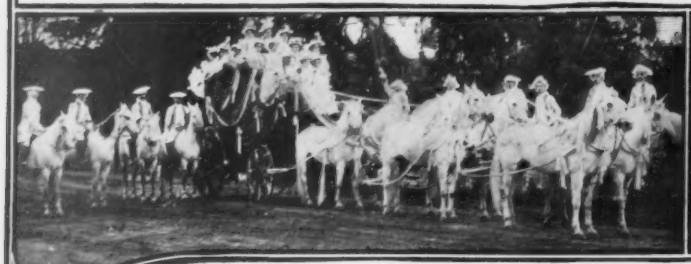
WHAT THE LADIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONSIDER THE PROPER THING IN SUMMER STAGE-COACHES

THE CELESTIAL DRAGON MUCH IN EVIDENCE



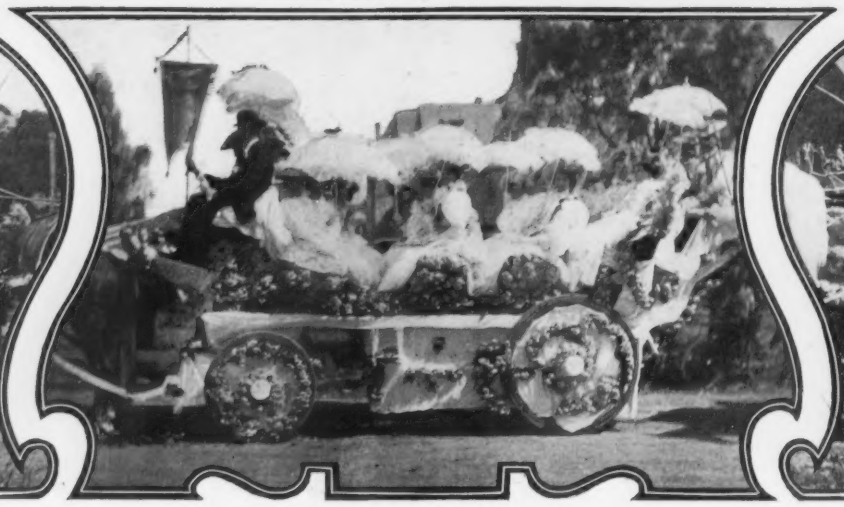
STARTING FROM HOME FOR THE PARADE

COSTUMED PARTICIPANTS IN THE PROCESSION OF FLOWERS



SIX-IN-HAND FLORAL COACHES, CAVALIERS AND OUTRIDERS

NOT AN INCH VACANT



THE PRETTIEST FEATURE OF THE FLORAL PARADE

A CONSIGNMENT OF 50,000 ROSES

WHAT CALIFORNIA CAN DO IN FLORAL DISPLAYS

HOW THE CITIZENS OF REDLANDS, LOS ANGELES AND OTHER CITIES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IMPRESSED ON THE PRESIDENTIAL TOURISTS THAT THE PARTY HAD REACHED AT LAST THE LAND OF PERPETUAL SUNSHINE AND EVER-BLOOMING FLOWERS

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OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICANS IN CHINA

By EDWIN H. CONGER

An Authorized Publication of the Original Draft of the Address delivered by Minister Conger before the American Asiatic Society at New York City

HOW WAR CARRIED US EASTWARD

THREE YEARS AGO, while passing through this city on my way to the Orient, I met for the first and last time the late distinguished president of the American Asiatic Association, whose long experience in the East and familiarity with all things Asiatic furnished me much information which I have since found most valuable. The American Asiatic Association had been at that time only just organized, but for a full half-century the pioneers of trade and mission work had been laboring in Asia; and although the Pacific Ocean had forever been washing the rocks and sands of our entire western boundary, and with the songs of its gentle waves and its balmy breezes been wooing American shipping to possess its splendid routes, to seize the commercial profits which awaited courageous ventures upon and beyond its blue depths, yet no American masts or keels it was then almost a stranger and our flag was a *rara avis* upon its waters.

But even while I was in this city talking with the members of the Association, and upon their advice planning for the work in my new field, which, co-operating with the Association, might be a benefit to all, the great national heartbeats, throbbing for humanity, had compelled the tocsin of war to be sounded in behalf of tortured, tyrannized Cuba, directed Dewey's splendid squadron toward Manila, where it destroyed the Spanish fleet and planted the Stars and Stripes for all time in the Philippine Islands. At the same time the paradise of Hawaii came voluntarily, but forever, into the possession of the United States. We thus marked out and perfected new rights of way over these great water routes to the East, and since then from the masts of our battleships, our transports and merchant vessels our flag has been more frequently seen. We have become a world power and have been so acknowledged around the globe.

This all gave encouragement to merchant and missionary alike, and both looked for increased and more hopeful results, particularly in the great empire of China. Conditions existing then justified in ample measure their high hopes, and, notwithstanding the unparalleled and unheard-of barbarisms of last summer, the present situation has still most alluring promises for commercial and philanthropic work in the Orient. Great trade possibilities are still existent in the Middle Kingdom, and if properly, industriously and judiciously taken advantage of, both by government and individuals, great profits are in store.

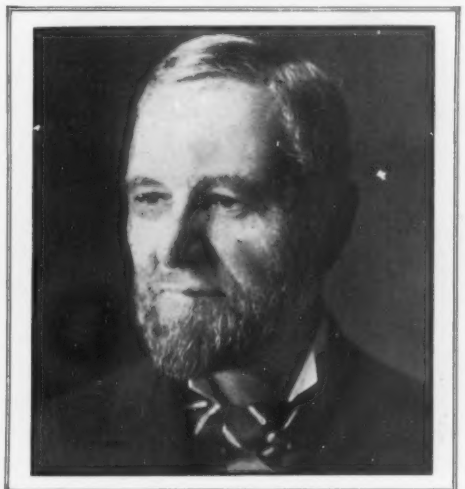
UNTOLD WEALTH BURIED IN CHINA

I would like to make it understood that I disclaim all sympathy with or indorsement of the Colonel Sellers sort of commercialism which has been so constantly promulgated in public speech and public press all over the land. Because there is supposed to be four hundred million Chinese in the great Empire, it does not follow, as some have so persistently declared, that you can sell them four million bottles of beer every day, or four million pounds of flour, or forty million yards of cotton every year. Before they can buy much they must find much to sell. Their mines must be developed, the treasures which have for ages been hidden beneath their rocks and mountains must be brought to light and opportunities furnished to market them. Trade does not grow upon bushes over there, ready to fall into your laps simply from a vigorous shaking, nor can you shovel up profits there as golden sand is said to be shovelled up at Cape Nome; but both can be found there, and will reasonably respond to intelligent development and untiring enterprise. Executive effort and diplomatic endeavor have already done much in this direction, and will do much more if their work is only generously supplemented by necessary Congressional action. Fortunate it is for the United States and China that during the last four years this work has been in the hands of such eminent statesmen as President McKinley and Secretary Hay, and still more fortunate that they are to direct it for four years more.

WE MUST BUILD SHIPS AND LAY CABLES

It is exceedingly to be regretted that some sort of measure in aid of American shipping did not pass the last Congress. In my judgment, this is not a political measure, but a patriotic one, and is demanded in order to fairly meet the competition of shipping, subsidized by other governments. This is a judgment formed from observation and experience in two continents where I have, with humiliation, witnessed foreign governmental capital chasing from its legitimate rights individual capital of citizens of the United States. This is being done all over the world, and unless our own people take advantage of the conditions created by the expansion policy of the last three years, and occupy the new routes which have been blazed by the present Administration, they will soon be pre-empted by foreign companies and lost to us forever.

Since the Philippines came into our hands, a splendid line of ocean greyhounds has been started between Hong Kong and Australia, making Manila their principal port of call; another has been established between Sidney and San Francisco via Manila; a magnificent fleet of Japanese ships has been put on between China, Japan and San Francisco, and negotiations are now on foot to extend one of the finest and largest European lines from Japan to the coast of California. The members of the Asiatic Association cannot invite or direct American capital into any channel promising more potent aid to the work they are engaged in than this. Governmental assistance is imperatively demanded in laying a cable across the Pacific Ocean. It is a cause for national chagrin and humiliation that all telegraphic communication with our new possessions in the Pacific and our doings in the Orient should be wired over foreign lines and with foreign profit. These, and other important aids, the government may and should furnish.



EDWIN H. CONGER, MINISTER TO CHINA

But there is much, very much, which American merchants must do themselves. Our government cannot create commerce or originate trade for its people in China or elsewhere. It can only furnish the opportunity of which they must take advantage for themselves. It can only open the door, plant the national flag within, and they, under its protecting ægis, may enter, establish their commercial methods, and with great patience and indomitable perseverance, earn, win and hold a trade which will at once give mutual encouragement to Chinese and Americans, and finally yield results which will gratify and glorify both.

MAKE FOREIGN TRADE A SERIOUS BUSINESS

The unfortunate and inexcusable happenings of last summer have obliterated trade in North China and sadly interfered with its progress all over the vast empire. At Newchwang, through whose door, opening into Manchuria, our trade in 1898 and 1899 was rushing by leaps and bounds, commerce is now practically paralyzed; and at Tien-tsin, except in army supplies, nothing is being done. Something may, can and must be done to regain the situation and restore the former conditions. This can be accomplished by insisting upon the fulfilment of the assurance secured by Secretary Hay in his open-door negotiations (of 1899) and in carrying out the policy suggested by President McKinley in his Circular of July 3, 1900.

One great trouble with our foreign trade is that our merchants and manufactureres have never taken hold of it as a serious and permanent business. Whenever they have found themselves with a surplus of products, and only then, they have gone abroad to sell them, and have sold them, if possible, regardless of profit or future transactions, and then abandoned the field until an accumulation of another surplus has driven them forth again. In the meantime their European competitors have been on the ground all the time, studying the wants of the people, familiarizing themselves with the conditions and methods of trade, acquiring the language of the country, accommodating themselves to the situations and establishing intelligent and permanent agencies—plants which may not be at once profitable, but from which bountiful harvests may be reasonably expected in the future. Americans must, if they hope for success, go and do likewise.

The present is a most auspicious time for general expansion of American trade. Our products are abundant, and money is cheap and anxiously seeking investment. In the last four years, under wise American policies, marvellous improvement in industrial and economical conditions has been wrought throughout all the Union. We have gone from fireless furnaces to flaming forges; from silent spindles to singing looms; from abandoned shops to flourishing factories; from trade stagnation to bustling business; from idleness to activity; from want to plenty; from poverty to prosperity; from distress to comfort; from tears to smiles, and from misery to happiness. Advantage should now be taken of this magnificent flood-tide, and the splendid opportunities offered not be permitted to slip away on its recurring ebb.

AN AMERICAN BANKING SYSTEM IN CHINA

Under our revenue system, which bears a less weight upon the people than any other known, and which has proven to be the best financial policy the world has ever seen, capital has increased so rapidly that, after fully developing our own country, we find ourselves no longer a borrowing nation, but a lender to the richest governments on earth, and must still look abroad for additional investments. No enterprise in the Orient promises greater returns than that of banking, no business pays better, and no one thing lays a heavier or more unnecessary burden upon our foreign trade all over the world than the lack of convenient American banks. American merchants, who in their exchanges have had to pay heavy tribute to the foreign corporations, can verify this statement. The demand for a strong American bank in the Orient with convenient and necessary branches, and the benefit it would be to American trade, are questions worthy of the gravest consideration.

Great assistance can be given to the purposes of the American Asiatic Association by active and confiding co-operation with the consuls of the United States. It is true that some reformation in our service would improve it. But I am glad, after an extended acquaintance with all, I can advisedly say that our consular service, taken as a whole, is the best in the world—gives more valuable information to trade and renders more real assistance to commerce than does that of any other country. Conditions favorable to foreign trade can and must be created in the several countries of the Orient, but if they are to be of best value and most permanent they should and can be obtained with the consent of those countries and not ruthlessly forced from them. However, having once given their voluntary consent, they must, as other countries in the world, be held strictly to the terms of their agreement. The United States will in the future, as they have always done in the past, strictly, fairly and justly see to it that all obligations from foreign governments to their citizens are fulfilled, that their interests are conserved, their property protected and their rights sustained.

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO SAY

But you ask me what of the Chinese troubles of last summer, and no doubt expect me to relate some of the thrilling incidents of that memorable siege. The story is a most startling one. It was an event entirely unique in the history of the world, unequalled and unparalleled, one that never happened before and, it is to be hoped, never will occur again.

I would especially be glad to tell you of the splendid and courageous defence made by the United States marines who constituted our Legation guard, and of the desperate and almost successful effort made by Captain McCalla to reach us; or something of that magnificent and unequalled soldiery which, under grand old General Chaffee, came, timely, to our relief; something of the sublime heroism displayed by those grand men and women, of Dr. Ament, in whose praise too much can never be said; or something of the brave Christian

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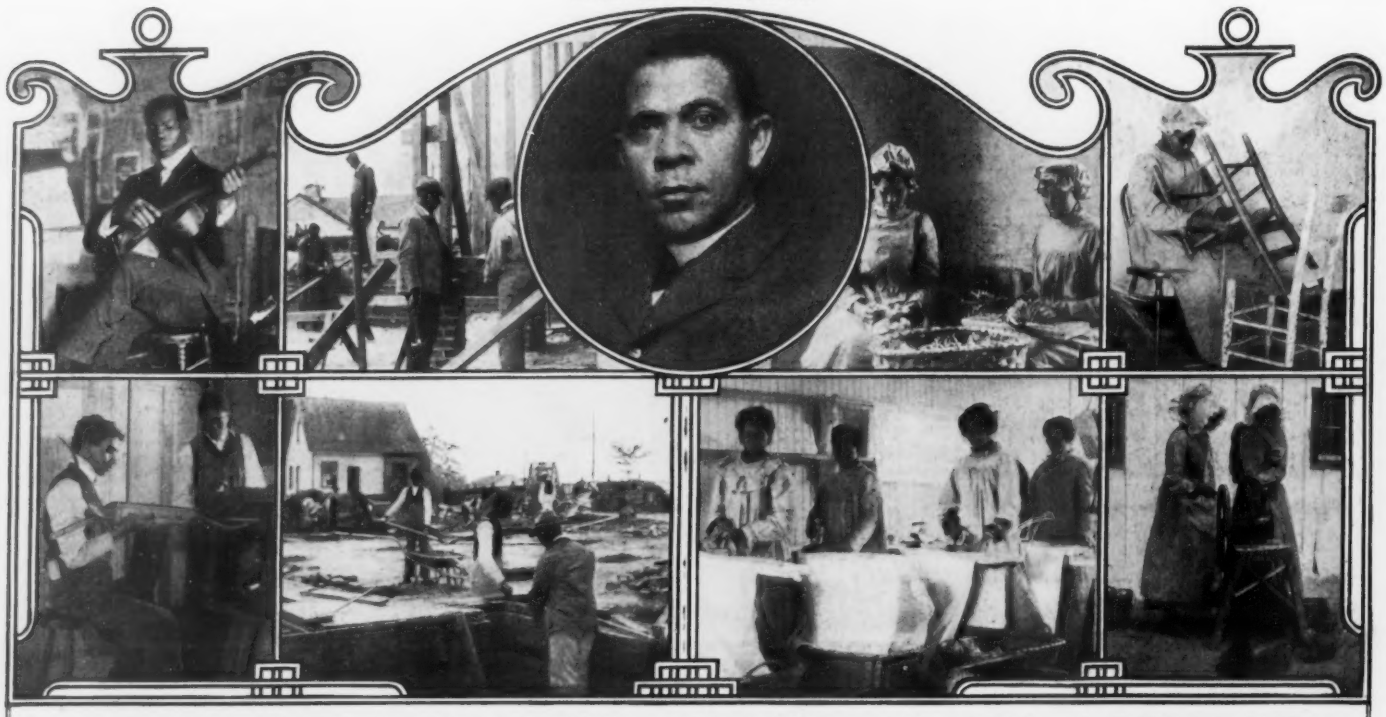

THE MOST UNIQUE SCHOOL IN AMERICA

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Founder and Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama

THE Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for the education of Negro youth, at Tuskegee, Alabama, has had a natural but rapid growth. It is ideal and fortunate in its location. Aside from its healthfulness and attractiveness, it has been fortunate from the first in having the goodwill and hearty co-operation of the Southern white people of the town of Tuskegee and vicinity.

This has not always been true of the schools in the South for the training of Negroes. In the first place, the white people of the town of Tuskegee, which is a mile from the school, represent the highest and best type of the old Southern aristocratic, cultured classes. There are few if any towns in the South where the average intelligence and culture is so high among the whites as is true of Tuskegee.

Aside from excellent public schools, there is in the town The Alabama Conference Female College, presided over by Dr. John Massey. This college is one of the best in the South and is largely patronized by the best class of Southern white people. The high intelligence and culture among the whites has made them take kindly to every sensible effort to elevate the black man. Almost without exception the intelligent cultured Southern white people are among the Negroes' best friends.

BIG FESULTS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute started in a little shanty with one teacher and thirty students. At present there are about eleven hundred students and eighty-two instructors. Starting with no property, the institution now owns property valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, including more than two thousand acres of land and forty-eight buildings. Practically all of the buildings have been erected by the labor of the students themselves.

One of the objects of the Tuskegee Institute has been, and is, not only to lift the Negro up but to demonstrate the usefulness of the educated Negro to the white people of the South. The Southern white people are like people all over the world. They respect a man regardless of color in proportion to his usefulness, in proportion to his value to the community in which he lives. A man may be very highly educated, but if his education runs in a direction that makes him of little visible or tangible value in his community his education counts for little so far as his influence goes upon the community in which he lives.

For the Negro the South has many unique advantages—advantages that are not possessed, so far as he is concerned, in any other part of the world. The South has these unique advantages for the colored man, because the South is accustomed to the presence of the Negro, and nearly all kinds of occupations have always been open to him. Besides, there is a certain attachment and tenderness of feeling existing between the two races that is hard for the stranger to understand or appreciate. In the matter of occupations for bread-winning—which after all is largely at the foundation of the civilization of any people—the colored man at the South has almost an open sesame.

THE OPEN DOOR OF LABOR

On account of the reasons mentioned the Tuskegee Institute is not only elevating the Negro youth by giving thorough training in industrial, academic and normal branches, but is especially keeping in mind the fitting of the Negro to perform the tasks that are immediately about his door and which are open to him.

For generations to come the Negro will continue to hold on to all the occupations that he had during slavery and the new ones that are constantly opening before him just in proportion as he makes progress, learns to do things as well or better than others, learns to do a common thing in an uncommon manner, as he keeps up with all new ideas and improvements.

The greatest and widest field that is now open is in the direction of agriculture. Accordingly, it is the fundamental industry at Tuskegee and the one most emphasized. In the training an effort is made to systematize the teaching in agriculture in a way that will not only enable the student to become thoroughly acquainted with theoretical and practical agriculture, but at the same time to develop his powers of mind. The students cultivate each year more than seven hundred acres of land in a way to make the crops economically valuable to the institution, and at the same time the latest and best methods of agriculture are taught.

The students are taught something of the chemistry of the soil, the drainage of land, the care of fruit trees, the care of live-stock and tools, and the latest and best methods of dairying.

TENDING THE FLOCKS AND HERDS

As one example of what is done, the institution owns seventy-five head of dairy cattle which are entirely cared for by the students. The large modern dairy barn in which these cattle are housed was planned by one of the instructors in mechanical and architectural drawing—a colored man; it was built almost wholly by the labor of students, and the cows are wholly cared for by the students, as are also all of the dairy products. In the dairy department systematic training, which keeps in mind not only the training of the student in this productive industry but which keeps in mind also the mental and moral development of the student at the same time, is afforded.

The different grades of cattle are carefully studied by the students, so that they are able to detect their strong and weak points, and they are taught how to operate the most improved dairy machinery.

In all this training I repeat, the elevation of the Negro is not only kept in mind, but also the conditions which he as an educated man will meet when he goes out into the world. It is just as important just now to bring the average Southern white man into hearty and sympathetic thought and action regarding the education of the Negro as it is to educate the Negro himself.

No Negro institution of learning in the South can do its best work that does not in a large degree have the indorsement and sympathy of the white people where the institution is located. This sympathy and co-operation can be secured without "truckling" or yielding any principle of manhood.

NEGRO MANAGERS IN DEMAND

Returning again to the dairy industry as illustrative of the value and utility of this kind of training, only a few days ago I received a telegram from a prominent white man in Alabama asking me to send him at once one of our graduates who could manage and operate for him a modern dairy. Requests of this kind are constantly coming to us from white people in every section of the South. In fact, we cannot begin to supply the demands that come to us from Southern white people alone.

If we had the means to meet the expenses we could greatly increase the number of students going out from our dairy department alone, and every one of them would find immediate employment at good salaries. In the case of dairying, the student has been taught something that the community, black and white, is interested in.

If asked if I would limit the Negro's education to this kind of training I reply no; but the Negro who becomes the most successful dairyman in his community or his county will lay the foundation for his family upon which his children and grandchildren can rise to more important occupations.

What I have said regarding the demand for our graduates who have been trained in dairying applies also to those who have been trained in general agriculture. The number of white men seeking our graduates in agriculture, to manage large farms, etc., is increasing each year, and already we find ourselves unable to supply the demand in this direction.

THE INDUSTRIAL DIVISIONS

There are twenty-eight industrial divisions in constant operation, aside from the normal and religious work, and each is an industry at which our students can find immediate employment as soon as they graduate. No student who graduates from our brickmasonry department need remain idle a single day. In fact, at the present time I do not know of a single man who has finished the course in this industry who is idle. Work at profitable wages awaits them, and very often they are to be found at work on the same wall side by side with white masons. Sometimes the contractor under whom they work is black, sometimes white.

The students who go out from Tuskegee are systematically kept up with, and it is seldom that one is found in idleness. One of the things taught the students is that idleness is a disgrace, and that it is better to work even without pay than to be idle.

In the training of young women the same principles are kept in mind and impressed upon them. Each young woman who goes out from the Tuskegee Institute has not only a good English education, but she knows how to cook, how to serve food, how to launder clothes and how to care for a house. Whether she will work for some one else or use her education in her own home, she must decide upon for herself. During the last two years we have gone further in the training of our girls. In a climate such as prevails in our Southern States, there is no reason why women should not be taught in a scientific and intelligent manner certain outdoor industries. A number of girls receive training in gardening, horticulture, poultry-raising, and dairying. Those who spend their time in a large measure out in the pure, bracing air, learning to care for poultry, are as happy, and often more healthy, than those who have indoor occupations. Both sexes are taught that the girl who cooks or launders is entitled to as much respect as one who teaches school.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TUSKEGEE SCHOOL

It is also important to note how the influence of our industrial work is gradually making itself felt in the public schools of the South. In a number of cases gardening or agriculture is being taught to the children in the country schools. It is not only taught theoretically, but practically, and in some cases the cotton raised on the land adjoining the schoolhouse is used as a means of partly supporting the school. I believe that the time is not far off when agriculture, in the country schools at least, will be just as much a part of the course of study as geography.

Through the medium of some of our graduates the industrial training has been introduced into many of the city public schools of the South. In many places where our graduates go they soon show the people how by private taxation they may build schoolhouses and extend the public school term, in many cases from three to seven months.

There have gone out from Tuskegee more than three hundred graduates from the industrial, normal and religious departments. In addition to these are more than three thousand men and women who could not remain to finish the full course, but who, nevertheless, have gotten enough of the spirit and ideas of the school to enable them to do good work.

THE TRUE FREEDOM OF THE NEGRO

There has not been a year since freedom came to the Negro that has witnessed such widespread discussion, both North and South, of all phases of his condition, as the present one. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that much, if not all, of this discussion is going to prove most helpful to the Negro education and general development.

I am of the opinion that there is more thoughtful interest in the Negro at the present time than has ever existed. The mere spasmodic and sentimental interest in him has been, in a large degree, replaced by the more substantial, thoughtful kind, based upon a comprehension of the facts.

In closing this article I would say that my feeling grows stronger each year that the main thing we want to be sure of is that the Negro is making progress day by day. With constant, tangible, visible, indisputable progress being made evident, all the minor details regarding the adjustment of our position in the body politic will, in a natural way, settle themselves.

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DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE SCHOOLMASTER HAD TO BEAR THE BRUNT OF EACH ASSAULT

WHITEMAN'S COURT

By HAMLIN GARLAND, Author of "Main Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," Etc., Etc.

LIZARD and his wife Blowing Leaf were both hot-tempered. They had frequent disagreements which sharpened into physical combat. Just what caused these outbreaks neither was able to say, but they were always eager to have their cause adjudicated, and their trusted friend Seger, the schoolmaster, had to bear the brunt of each assault. He was forced to hear the story twice repeated, each time with fullest details, but each time his judgment was accepted and the two went home quite harmonious.

One day Blowing Leaf, or Mrs. Lizard, as the whites called her, came in with some red lines on her face which she said were due to the blows dealt her by her angry husband.

Seger met her with a sharp word. "Wait! Now, I'm tired of this. Three times I've heard your story and patched up a peace—I'm going to quit now. You are citizens of Custer County and the thing for you to do is to go to the white judge at Alewa. He will make it hot for Lizard, and that's what you want."

This was indeed a pleasing suggestion, and Mrs. Lizard instantly said, "I will go. Make me a paper to him—this judge."

So Seger gave her a letter to the judge to this effect: "This will introduce Blowing Leaf, whose husband, Lizard, has abused her—so she says. Give her the benefit of the law. She wants him arrested for assault and battery and fined."

Mrs. Lizard found the judge and presented her letter, and his story being interpreted to the judge, he issued a warrant for Lizard, and the next day, to Blowing Leaf's joy, he was brought into court, and the judge said:

"Now, Lizard, you can have your choice. You can be tried by me to-day, or by a jury of six Indians, or wait till to-morrow and be tried by six white men."

"I'd rather be judged by you than by six Indians any day," said Lizard, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, which puzzled the judge, who said.

"All right, that goes. Now, you want an attorney. Who will you have?"

When this was made clear to him, Lizard said: "I will have Seger, my friend, speak for me."

Seger protested. "I can't do that—I'm your wife's lawyer, I speak for her."

"That doesn't matter—speak for me, too," said the childlike Lizard.

"Oh, that won't do. You must have your own man, who'll pitch into me."

"Well, then, you select one for me; I don't know any one."

So Seger selected his own opposing counsel, to the great amusement of the judge and other lawyers.

This attorney came to Lizard and said, confidentially: "Well, now, let's see what defence you have. Are there any damaging witnesses? Did any one see you strike your wife?"

"Yes."

"That's bad! Who was it?"

"My wife—Blowing Leaf."

The lawyer bit his lip to conceal a smile. "Anybody else?"

"Yes, me. Both of us know I struck her," replied Lizard calmly.

"Well, then," said the baffled young lawyer, "I guess we'd better plead guilty and throw ourselves on the mercy of the court."

At the trial Lizard and his wife sat side by side and had the air of being newly married. They enjoyed each other's testimony very much, and when Seger rapped away at Lizard, for a quarrelsome jackass, Mrs. Lizard smiled at her husband as if to say, "Now you see what you get?" It was all absorbing drama to them both, and as the impassioned young lawyer for Lizard pleaded for mercy the brown hand of Blowing Leaf crept over and found a resting-place on the arm of her stalwart husband, who watched the excited side-stepping of his counsel with fascinated eyes.

At last the case came to the verdict, and the judge said: "I find the prisoner guilty and fine him five dollars and costs."

All the red people were sorry to have the council break up, but when the verdict was interpreted to Lizard he looked troubled for the first time. "I can't pay it," he said. "I have no money."

"I'm sorry," said the judge, "but unless you do you must go to jail."

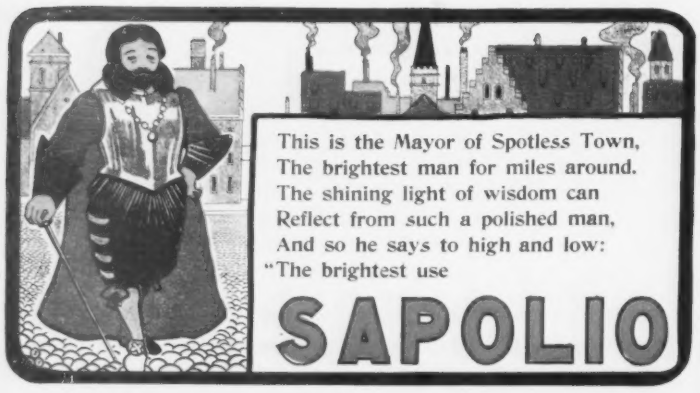
Mrs. Lizard here broke in—"I'll tell you, I'll pay it. I'll sell my spotted cow and pay the money."

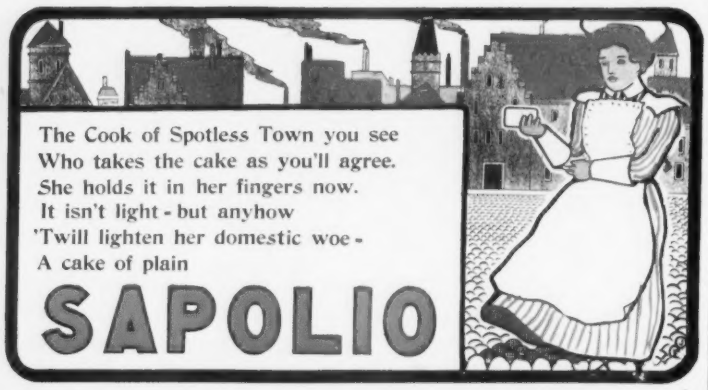
Lizard considered a moment and said: "No, that is not right. If you did that you'd be paying what I should pay. I must pay it myself. I'll sell my pony and pay it," he said resolutely.

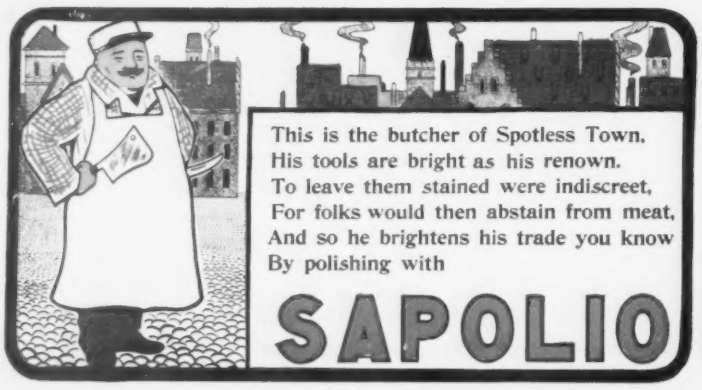
"Well, do so," she said eagerly, smiling at him shyly, "I'll give you another in place of it."

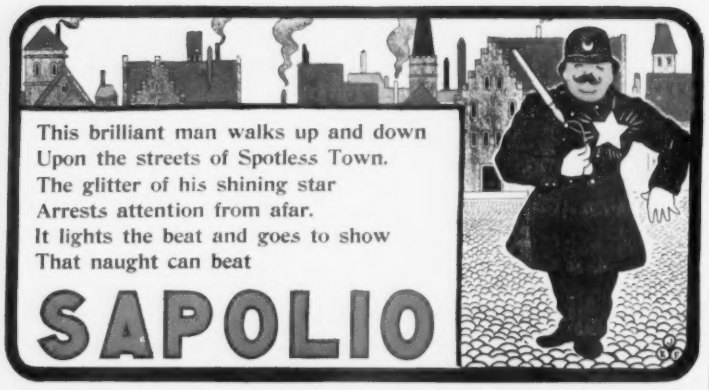
He sold his pony and paid the fine. She gave him a better pony than the one he sold, and they went home happy. They have never quarrelled since. One trial of whiteman's court has been quite enough for them.

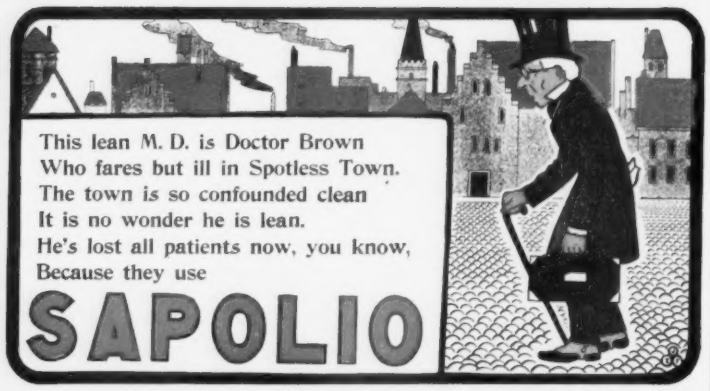
Ye Folkes of Spotless Town

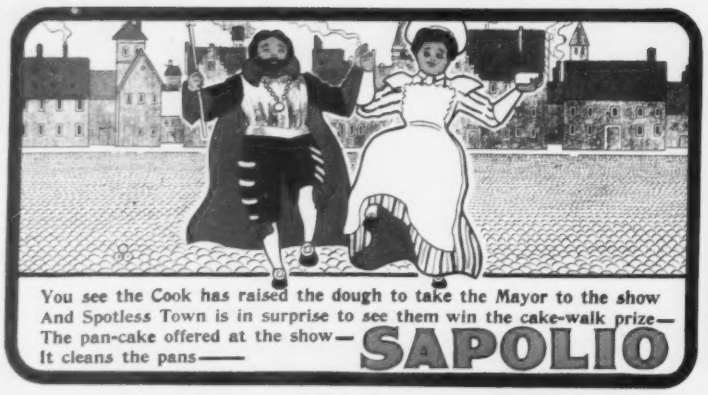


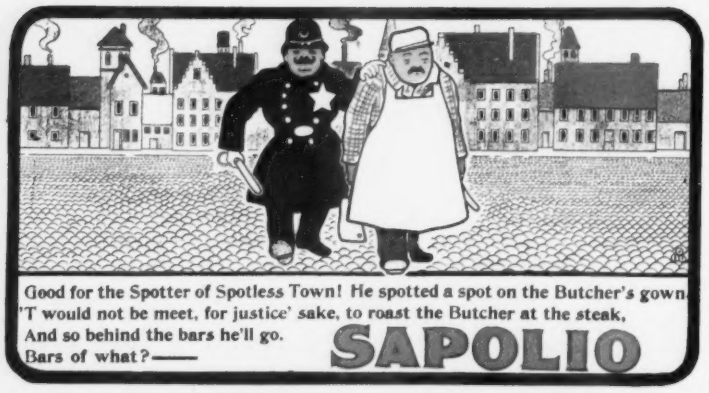


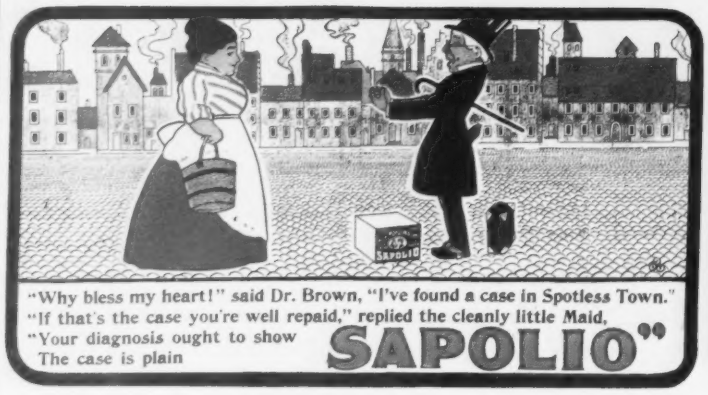












Full set of the above designs, as they appear in the street cars, each 11 x 21 inches, will be sent to any address in the U. S. on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps. Address "SAPOLIO," New York

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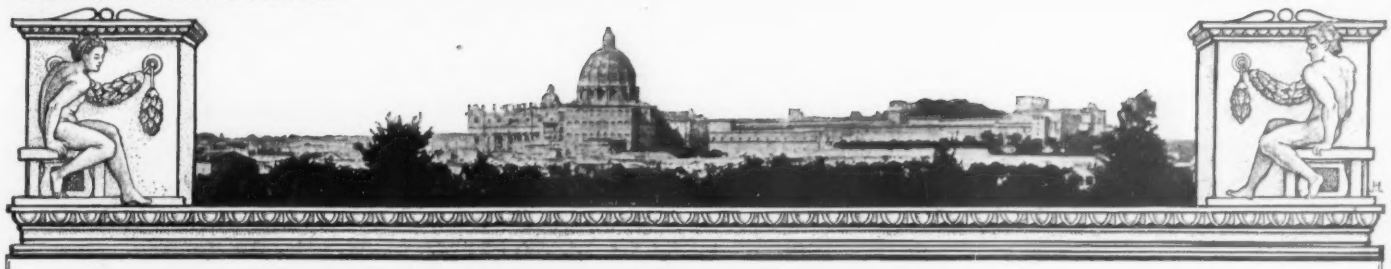


THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

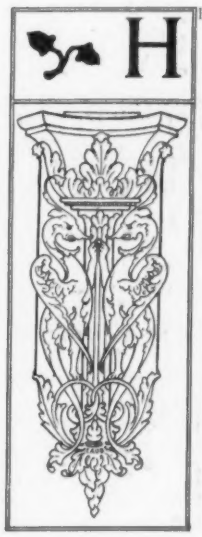
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there also, and gossip connects her name with that of her kinsman, Baron Bonnino, Prime Minister of Italy. In a public speech David alludes to this scandal, the consequence being that an intrigue is set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi offering Roma amends, she ceases to wish for vengeance, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. Incidentally Rossi falls into discredit with his party because of his opposition to violent methods. He finds occasion to deliver a message to Roma sent from Elba, where her father had died, saying that the Prince had been decoyed back to Italy and deported at the instance of Bonnino. The Baron now informs Roma that years ago David Rossi was an abettor of Volonna's schemes against the Italian Government, by whom he was condemned to death, but that he had hitherto escaped identification. Upon her declaration that she intends to marry David, the Baron in her presence gives unmistakable instructions for his undoing as one of the probable ringleaders in an anticipated demonstration against the Government. Roma wishes David to fly, but finally agrees with him that he must stay. She hints that she has an idea for his safety.

IV—(Continued)



HE STOOD a moment where she had left him, trying to think what she intended to do, and then he returned to his desk in the outer office. His successor was there, looking sour and stubborn.

"Mr. Rossi," he said, "this afternoon I was informed at the Press Club that the authorities were watching for a plausible excuse for suppressing the paper; and, considering the relations of this lady to the Minister of the Interior, and the danger of spies . . ."

"Listen to this carefully, sir," interrupted Rossi. "When you come into possession of the chair I occupy you shall do as you think well, but to-night it is mine and I shall conduct the paper as I please."

"Still, you will allow me to say . . ."

"Not one word."

"Permit me to protest . . ."

"Leave the room immediately."

When the man was gone David Rossi wrote a third and last version of his manifesto:

"Romans—Have no fear! Do not allow yourselves to be terrified by the military preparations of your Government. Believe a man who has never deceived you—*the soldiers will not fire upon the people!* Violate no law. Assail no enemy. Respect property. Above all, respect life. Do not allow yourselves to be pushed into the doctrine of physical force. If any man tries to provoke violence, think him an agent of your enemies and pay no heed. Be brave, be strong, be patient, and to-morrow night you will send up such a cry as will ring throughout the world. Romans, remember your fathers and be great."

Rossi was handing his manuscript to the sub-editor that it might be sent upstairs when all at once the air seemed to become empty and the world to stand still. The machine in the basement had ceased to work. There was a momentary pause, such as comes on the steamship at sea when the engines are suddenly stopped, and then a sound of frightened voices, and the noise of hurrying feet. Somebody ran along the corridor outside and rapped sharply at the door.

At the next moment the door opened and four men entered the room. One of them was an Inspector, another was a Delegate, and the others were policemen in plain clothes.

"The journal is sequestered," said the Inspector to David Rossi. And turning to one of his men he said, "Go up to the composing-room and superintend the decomposition of the type."

"Allow no one to leave the building," said the Delegate to the other policeman.

"Gentlemen," said the Inspector, "we are charged to make a perquisition, and must ask you for the keys of your desks."

"What is this?" said the Delegate, taking the manifesto out of Rossi's fingers and proceeding to read it.

At that moment the Editor-elect came rushing into the room with a face like the rising sun. "I demand to see a list of the things sequestered," he cried.

"You shall do so at the police-office," said the Inspector.

"Does that mean that we are all arrested?"

"Not all. The Honorable Rossi, being a Deputy, is at liberty to leave."

"Thought as much," said the new Editor, with a contemptuous snort. And turning to Rossi, and showing his teeth in a bitter smile, he said, "What did I say would happen? Has it followed quickly enough to satisfy you?"

The Inspector and the Delegate had opened the Editors' desks and were rummaging among their papers when David Rossi put on his hat and went home.

At the door of the lodge the old Garibaldian was waiting in obvious excitement.

"Old John has been here, sir," he said. "Something to tell you. Wouldn't tell me. But Bruno got it out of him at last. Must be something serious, for the big booby has been drinking ever since. Hear him in the café, sir? I'll send him up."

Half an hour afterward Bruno staggered into Rossi's room. He had a tearful look in his drink-deadened eyes, and was clearly struggling with a desire to put his arms about Rossi's neck and weep over him.

"D'ye know wha'?" he mumbled in a maudlin voice. "Ole Vampire is a villain! Ole John—'member ole John?—well, ole John heard his grandson, the 'dective, say that if you go to the Coliseum to-morrow night . . ."

"I know all about it, Bruno. You may go to bed."

"Stop a minute, sir," said Bruno, with a melancholy smile. "You don' unnerstand. They're goin' t'shoot you. See? Ole John—'member ole John?—well, ole John . . ."

"I know, Bruno. But I'm going nevertheless."

Bruno fought with the vapor in his brain, and said, "You don' mean t'say you inten' t'let yourself be a target . . ."

"That's what I do mean, Bruno."

Bruno burst into a loud laugh. "Well, I'll be . . . wha' the devil . . . But you shan't go! I'll . . . I'll see you damned first!"

"You're drunk, Bruno. Go and put yourself to bed."

The drink-deadened eyes flashed, and to grief succeeded rage. "Pu' myself t'bed! D'ye know wha' I'd like t'do t'you for t'nex' twenty-four hours? I'd jus' like—yes, by Bacchus!—I'd jus' like to punch you in t'belly and put *you* to bed." And straightening himself up with drunken dignity, Bruno stalked out of the room.

The Baron Bonnino in the Piazza Leone was rising from his late and solitary dinner when Felice entered the shaded and silent dining-room and handed him a letter from Roma. It ran:

"This is to let you know that I intend to be present at the meeting in the Coliseum to-morrow night. Therefore, if any shots are to be fired by the soldiers at the crowd or their leader you will know beforehand that they must also be fired at me."

As the Baron held the letter under the red shade of the lamp, the usual immobility of his icy face gave way to a rapturous expression.

"She's magnificent! The woman is magnificent! And worth fighting for to the bitter, bitter end."

Then turning to Felice, he told the man to ring up the Commendatore Angelelli, and tell him to send for Minghetti without delay.

V

NEXT day began with heavy clouds lying low over the city, a cold wind coming down from the mountains, and the rumbling of distant thunder. Nevertheless, the people who had come to Rome for the demonstration at the Coliseum seemed to be in the streets the whole day long. From early morning they gathered in the Piazza Navona, inquired for David Rossi, and stood by the fountains and looked up at his windows.

The old Garibaldian had orders to deny him to everybody, but nobody seemed to complain. Hour by hour the people came with news of the city, sent up messages and went away. The military were putting cannon in the Piazza del Popolo! Soldiers were being stationed around the Coliseum! Lines of infantry were ranged in the streets! No matter!

"He knows his chickens!" the people said, and they were not afraid.

As the day wore on the crowds increased. All the public squares seemed to be full of varied, motley, ill-clad, ill-nourished but formidable multitudes. Toward even the tradesmen began to shut up their shops, and a column of cavalry paraded the principal streets with a band that played the royal march. At that the people in the Piazza Navona, shivering under the Tramontana and huddling together to keep themselves warm, turned their faces to David Rossi's house and broke into a husky, hungry cheer.

Meantime the dictator to whom thousands were looking up was miserable and alone. He was feeling the agony of having seized on an ideal and the danger of reducing it to action in real life. The ideal was to bring the moral force of civilized man to bear against oppression and wrong; the danger was the danger of riot and bloodshed. He had cried "Peace," but the perils of protest were so many, and so near. A blow, a push, a quarrel at a street corner, and God knows what might happen! It was like the gigantic gambling of war, with the awful vicissitudes of triumph and defeat, and the haunting risk of accident.

But the frenzy and sweat of David Rossi's body and soul had still another channel of torment. He had slept badly, and on awakening in the dim light his first thought had been of Roma. Over the tenderness and the tingling of warm blood which came with the sense of her fresh and lovely figure, there was the pang of losing her if the end of that day's work was tragic, and life, which was at length opening its sweetness to him, was snatched away.

Then the story that Roma told him the night before of the pressure put upon her by the Baron took new and terrible aspects, and he was tortured by a secret pain which he had never felt before. He saw her in the power of the Minister after he had gone—tormented, tempted, tried, until her will was broken and she gave herself up to the man at last. An oath burst from his lips and a red flame passed before his eyes when he thought of this, and he leaped out of bed as if something in his inside had been suddenly rent open. He had not a doubt about what he had been doing, and he would go on with it whatever happened. But he must think of the consequences no more. It was a strain that human nerves could not endure.

Elena came with his coffee. The timid creature kept looking at him out of her liquid eyes as if struggling with a desire to speak, but when she did so it was only on indifferent subjects. Bruno had got up with a headache and had gone off to work. Little Joseph was very trying this morning, and she had threatened to whip him. Her father had been upstairs to say that countless people were asking for the Deputy, and he wished to know if anybody was to come up.

"Tell him I want to be quite alone to-day," said Rossi; and then the soft voice ceased, and the timid creature went out with a guilty look.

Like a man who is going on a long and perilous journey, David Rossi spent the morning in arranging his affairs. He looked over his letters and destroyed most of them. The letters from Roma were hard to burn, but he read each of them again, as if trying to stamp their words and characters on his brain, and with a deep sigh he committed them to the flames. He took from its frame the covenant which hung by his bed and burned it with other private and political papers. Then he wrote a short letter to Roma, and put it in his pocket to post on his way to the Piazza. Finally he made his will, and called Elena and her father to witness it.

It was twelve o'clock by this time, and Francesca, in her red cotton handkerchief, brought up his lunch. The good old thing looked at him with a comical expression of pity on her wrinkled face, and he knew that Bruno had told his story.

"Come now, my son! Put away your papers and get something on your stomach. People eat even if they're going to the gallows, you know."

After lunch, Rossi called upstairs for Joseph, and the shock-headed little cub was brought down, with his wet eyes twinkling and his petted lip beginning to smile.

"Joseph has been naughty, Uncle David," said Elena. "He is crying for the clothes Donna Roma gave him, and he says he must go out because it is his birthday."

"Does a man cry when he is seven?" said Uncle David. Thereupon Joseph, keeping his eyes upon his mother, whispered something in Uncle David's ear, and straightway the gorgeous garments were produced.

"Joseph will promise not to go out to-day, won't you, Joseph?" And Joseph was understood to say "Yes."

But it was in vain that Rossi tried to break the strain of painful thoughts.

"You're not looking at me, Uncle David. Why don't you look?" cried Joseph; but still Uncle David's eyes kept wandering from their play.

At four o'clock Bruno came home, looking grim and resolute.

"I was pretty drunk last night, sir," he said; "but if there's shooting to be done to-day I'm going to be there."

The time came for the two men to go, and everybody saw them to the door.

"Adieu!" said Rossi. "Thank you for all you've done for me, and may God bless you! Take care of my little Roman boy. Kiss me, Joseph! Again! For the last time! Adieu!"

"Ah! God is a good old Saint. He'll take care of you, my son," said the old woman.

"Adieu, Uncle David! Adieu, papa!" cried Joseph over the banisters, and the brave little voice, with its manly falsetto, was the last the men heard as they descended the stairs.

The Piazza del Popolo was densely crowded and seemed to be twice as large as usual. Bruno elbowed the way through for himself and Rossi, until they came to the fountain in the centre of the great circle. On the fountain steps a company of artillery was stationed with a piece of cannon which commanded the three principal thoroughfares of the city—the Corso, the Ripetta, and the Babuino—which go off from that centre like the ribs from the handle of a fan. Without taking notice of the soldiers, the people ranged themselves in order and prepared for their procession. At the ringing of Ave Maria the great crowd linked in files and turned their faces toward the Corso.

Bruno walked first, carrying from his stalwart breast a standard on which was inscribed, under the title of the "Republic of Man," the words, "Give us this day our daily bread." At intervals of a dozen yards came other standards, inscribed, "Resist not evil," "Thy kingdom come," under the names of the clubs, guilds, and associations to which they belonged. Rossi had meant to walk immediately behind Bruno, but he found himself encircled by a group of his followers. One of them was Luigi Conti, another was Malatesta, a third

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC CHARACTER STUDY OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT HEDLEY

was the Doctor Deputy. No sovereign was ever surrounded by more watchful guards.

By the spontaneous consent of the public the traffic in the street was suspended, and crowds of the people of the city had turned out to look on. The four tiers of the Pincian hill were packed with spectators, and every window and balcony in the Corso was filled with faces. All the shops were shut up, and many of them were barricaded within and without. A regiment of infantry was ranged along the edge of the pavement, and the people passed between two lines of rifles.

As the procession went on it was constantly augmented. From the steps of St. Carlo a body of clerical seminarists, chiefly American and Irish, by one consent and a sudden impulse, fell into the line. At the Piazza Colonna a group of Deputies, who had come out to look, caught the contagion of the moment and stepped into the procession. At the Piazza Venezia a crowd of young students from the Roman University took their places and marched on. The file, which had been four deep when it started from the Popolo, was eight deep before it reached the end of the Corso, and the last of the line had not yet left the Piazza.

Such a procession had never been known even in Rome, the city of spectacles, and the Corso, which had witnessed the processions of Popes, with their red glow of cardinals and bishops, as well as the processions of kings, with their glitter of armed men, had never yet looked on a scene like this. Men in sheepskins and men in broadcloth, men in cassocks and men in capes, men whose cheeks were pinched by pellegra, or yellow with malaria, and men with full and florid faces.

Going up the narrow streets beyond the Venezia, the people passed into the Forum—out of the living city of the present into the dead city of the past, with its desolation and its silence, its chaos of broken columns and cornices, of corbels and capitals, of wells and watercourses, lying in the waste in which they had been left by the earthquake which had passed over them—the earthquake of the ages—and so on through the Arch of Titus to their meeting place in the Coliseum.

All this time David Rossi's restless eyes had passed nervously from side to side. Going down the Corso he had been dimly conscious of eyes looking at him from windows and balconies. He was struggling to be calm and firm, but he was in a furnace of dread, and beneath his breath he was praying from time to time that God would prevent accident and avert bloodshed. He was also praying for strength of spirit and feeling like a miserable guilty coward. His face was deadly pale, the fire within seemed to consume the grosser senses, and he walked along like a man in a dream.

At intervals people spoke to him. "This is wonderful," said one, and another said it "would be written in history." He hardly heard them. The one man who was not uplifted by that thrilling demonstration was the man who had made it. But though he was tormented by fears, he was exalted by the fever that burned in him.

"If Rossi speaks to-day," said somebody, "it is not Rome alone that will hear."

VI

HALF AN HOUR before Ave Maria, Roma had put on an inconspicuous cloak, a plain hat and a dark veil, and walked down to the Coliseum. Soldiers were stationed on all the high ground about the circus, and large numbers of persons were already assembled inside. The people were poor and ill-clad, and they smelled of garlic and uncleanness. "*His* people, though," thought Roma, and so she conquered her repulsion.

Three tiers encircle the walls of the Coliseum, like the galleries of a great theatre, and the first of these was occupied by a regiment of carabineers. There was some banter and chaff at the expense of the soldiers, but the people were serious for all that, and the excitement beneath their jesting was deep and strong.

The low cloud which had hung over the city from early morning seemed to lie like a roof over the topmost circle of the amphitheatre, and as night came on the pit below grew dark and chill. Then torches were lighted and put in prominent places—long pitch sticks covered with rags or brown paper. The people were patient and good-humored, but to beguile the tedium of waiting they sang songs. They were songs of labor chiefly, but one man started the *Te Deum*, and the people sang it with one voice. It was like the noise the sea makes on a heavy day when it breaks on a bank of sand.

After a while there was a deep sound from outside. The procession was approaching. It came on like a great tidal wave and flowed into the vast place in the gathering darkness with the light of a hundred fresh torches.

In less than half an hour the ruined amphitheatre was a moving mass of heads from the ground to its topmost story. Long sinuous trails of blue smoke swept across the people's faces, and the great brown mass of circular stones was lighted up in fitful gleams.

Roma was lifted off her feet by the breaker of human beings that surged around. At one moment she was conscious of some one behind who was pressing the people back and making room for her. At the next moment she was aware that through the deep multitudinous murmur of voices that rumbled as in a vault somebody near her was trying to speak.

The speaking ceased, and there was a sharp crackle of applause which had the effect of producing silence. In this silence another voice, a clear, loud, vibrating voice, said "Romans and Brothers," and then there was a prolonged shout of recognition from ten thousand throats.

In a moment a dozen torches were handed up, and the speaker was in a circle of light and could be seen by all. He was standing bareheaded on a stone, with a face of unusual paleness. It was Rossi. He was wearing the loose cloak of the common people of Rome, thrown across his breast and shoulder. Bruno stood by his left side holding a standard which hung above their heads. At his right hand were two other men who partly concealed him from the crowd. Roma found herself immediately below them, and within two or three paces.

After a moment the shouting had died down, and there was no sound in the vast place, but a soft, quick, undulating hiss that was like the palpitating breathing of an immense flock of sheep. Then Rossi began again.

"First and foremost," he said, "let me call on you to preserve the peace. One false step to-night and all is lost. Our enemies would like to fix on us the name of rebels. Rebels against whom? There is no rebellion except rebellion against the people. The people are the true sovereign, and the only rebels are the classes who oppress them. They may wear the uniform of soldiers or the court dress of ministers, but if they are not the subjects and servants of the people they are the real rebels after all. This is a deep truth, and let who will deny it."

A murmur of assent broke from the crowd. Rossi paused, and looked around at the soldiers.

"Romans," he said, "do not let the armed rebels of the State provoke you to violence. It is to their interest to do so. Defeat them. You have come here in the face of their rifles and bayonets to show that you are not afraid of death. But I ask you to be afraid of doing an unrighteous thing. It is on my responsibility that you are here, and it would be an undying remorse to me if through any fault of yours one drop of blood were shed.

"I call on you as earnestly as if my nearest and dearest were among you, liable to be shot down by the rifles of the military, not to give them any excuse for violence. I call on you to swear with me that you will not resist evil. Swear!"

The people answered instantly, and the oath was taken with a universal shout. Roma turned to look at the military. As far as she could see in the uncertain light the soldiers were standing passively in their circle, with their rifles by their sides.

"Romans," said Rossi again, "a month ago we protested against an iniquitous tax on the first necessity of life. The answer is sixty thousand men in arms around us. Therefore, we are here to-night to appeal to the mightiest force on earth, mightier than any army, more powerful than any parliament, more absolute than any king—the force of moral sympathy and of public opinion throughout the world.

"The upholders of oppression will ask you what need you have of moral sympathy if you have your representative government, your ballot-boxes and votes. Tell them that representative government may be made the instrument of the privileged classes, and votes may be of no avail. If the votes of men were rightly apportioned, the people would be the sovereign in every country on the globe.

"It is because they are not rightly apportioned that reactionary governments exist nearly everywhere, that the poor are being taxed out of all proportion to the rich, that the soil, which is the patrimony of the human race, is in the hands of the few to the disadvantage of the many, and that capital, which is the wages of all, is the monopoly of banks and trusts."

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" came from every side in excited cries.

"It is because the votes of the people are not rightly apportioned that reactionary governments in Italy have been able to keep us out of the divinest part of our human patrimony—the patrimony of our intelligence. Generation after generation we have lived in the darkness of ignorance, that the rebels of the ruling classes might do their best to reduce us to the condition of beasts of burden. I thank my good, kind, merciful God that they have not been able to do so altogether. Man is divine, man is Godlike, and the Almighty has not allowed that even his worst oppressors should bring him down to the level of the brutes.

"And during this age-long rebellion against the true sovereignty of the world, what has the Church been doing? The Church belongs to the people. Its Founder was a man of the people. He was called the Son of Man. He was born poor, lived poor, and had compassion upon the multitude. Has the Church declared itself on the side of the people? What is the word of life which the Church speaks to a sick and suffering world? The Church tells you to be content with your lot, to be patient and resigned, to respect the laws of civil author-

THE WORLD'S GREATEST RELIGIOUS RITE—Pilgrims halting at a "Holy Place" outside Caesarea, Province of Cappadocia, Asia Minor—Mount Argaeus in the background. These Mussulmans are homeward bound from Mecca, whither Islam commands one pilgrimage in a lifetime

ity, to believe that human society is impressed with the stamp and character which God meant to give it.

"The Church tells you that you must never be seditious, that you must cultivate religion, that you must find in the prospect of the other world consolation for the trials of this one. If you are rich, you must give alms to the poor. If you are poor, you must submit to the rich. Whether you are rich or poor you must be obedient to the bishops, and bow your knee to the authority of the Pope. Such is the word of life which the Church gives to a sick world through the mouths of its sovereign pontiffs. Are you content with these admonitions? Where you asked for bread have they given you a stone?"

A cry as of pain burst from the people, but the speaker did not pause.

"Is it true or is it not true that the Popes always are, always have been, and always must be on the side of the thrones and princes? Is it true or is it not true that the thrones and princes pass away while the people last forever? Is it true or is it not true that social democracy is a social evil, and political democracy a religious crime?"

A strange light came into Rossi's eyes, and he raised his voice to something like a shout.

"What is democracy?" he cried. "Democracy is the breaking down of the barriers that divide man from man. It is the fulfilment of the law of equality, not merely between body and body, but between soul and soul. 'Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven.' Democracy is an attempt at the practical realization of that prayer. Democracy believes that the grand voice of God speaks through the people. Democracy recognizes the brotherhood of man. Democracy sees only one division among men—good men and bad men, just men and unjust men, followers of God's law and rebels against it. This is democracy, and all the rest is a superstition and a lie."

The people broke into loud cries of assent, but again the speaker did not stop.

"Why does not the Church recognize the truly religious character of democracy? Why does it not see that democracy is Christianity, that Christianity is democracy, and that there is no true definition of the one that is not a description of the other?

"Remember the word of one of the greatest of the great men of our country: 'When the arms of Christ even yet stretched out on the cross shall be loosened to clasp the whole human family in one embrace, there will be no more Italians, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Americans, or rich, or poor, or kings, or beggars, but only *men*.'"

The deep "Ah" came again from every side. It was like the heaving up of the hearts of the people, and Rossi was compelled to pause.

"Romans and brothers," he continued, "by the decree of God, revealed in the history of humanity, the world is marching toward democracy. Democracy is the true evolution of God's will in natural law. It is, therefore, irresistible. It is moving the world onward to new destinies as surely as the earth is moving in the spheres. It is the law of life, let who will close his eyes to it or bury his head in the sand."

There was some cheering, but Rossi raised his hand and it died away.

"And what is our duty?" he said. "Our duty as men, in the face of injustice and oppression, is to assert the sovereignty of the people. Our duty as men is—by moral force, not by violence—to overthrow all governments that are not of the people, all parliaments that are hostile and hereditary, all kings and thrones, and self-constituted authorities. Our duty as men is to overthrow every obstacle in the path of the people, and if among these obstacles the Papacy proves to be one, then, in God's name, let us not draw back before a phantom. The soul of the Church is one thing, and the body of the Church is another. The soul of the Church is with the people. It is divine, and it will live forever. If the body of the Church is against the people, it will meet with the whirlwind and be swept away."

The cloak had fallen from Rossi's breast, and his arms were swinging in wild gestures to right and left. There was silence for a moment, and then a tremendous cry. It was difficult to realize at first whether it was a shout of approval or disapproval. The speaker had hit deep down at the idol of ages, and the voice that went up from the people was like the fierce groan that comes from the bosom of a sullen sea.

In the commotion of the moment, Bruno stepped in front of Rossi and covered him. Roma felt as if she were losing consciousness, but the confused cries died away, and, before she recovered herself, Rossi had put Bruno aside and was speaking again.

"What is our duty as Romans?" he said. "Our duty as Romans is to bring the prestige of a great name, sacred among the nations and a pledge of the world's respect and love, to the service of God and man. There is something more in this place to-night than a perishing people crying for bread. There is the human race calling for justice. Ours is a solemn mission, the mission of proving to the world that humanity is one, that all men are sons of God and brothers in Him. On the edge of the silent Campagna, with the dust of nations beneath our feet, we are assisting at the dawn of a new era. We are re-creating an Eternal City which should be the Pantheon of Humanity, the Angel of Light among the peoples, the court and congress of the world."

There was no question of division now—there was only a deep murmur of assent.

"Romans, if your bread is moistened by tears to-day, think of the power of suffering and be strong. Think of the history of these old walls. Think of the words of Christ, 'Which of the prophets have not your fathers stoned?' The prophets of humanity have all been martyrs, and God has marked you out to be the martyr nation of the world."

The people were weeping audibly on every hand.

"Brothers, you are hungry, and I say these things to you with a beating heart. Your children are starving, and I swear before God that from this day forward I will starve with them. If I have eaten two meals a day hitherto, for the future I will eat but one. But let the powers that are held over you do their worst. If they imprison you for resisting their tyrannies, others will take your place. If they kill your leader, God will raise up another who will be stronger than he. Swear to me in this old Coliseum, sacred to the martyrs, that, come what may, you will not yield to injustice and wrong."

There was something in Rossi's face at that last moment that seemed to transcend the natural man. He raised his right arm over his head and in a loud voice cried, "Swear!"

The people took the oath with uplifted hands and a great shout. It was terrific.

Something they did not understand carried them away, but the word of hope had been spoken to them, and they cheered and wept like children. Men clasped each other's hands, and a poor woman put her arms about Roma's neck and kissed her.

The crowd began to break up, and the people went off singing. Rossi and his group of friends had disappeared when Roma turned to go. She found herself weeping and singing, too, but for another reason. The danger was past, and all was over!

Going out by one of the arches, she was conscious of somebody walking beside her. Presently a voice said:

"You don't recognize me in the darkness, Donna Roma?"

It was Charles Minghetti. He had been told to take care of her. Could he offer her his escort home?

"No, thank you," she replied, and she was surprised at herself that she experienced no repulsion.

Her heart was light, a great weight had been lifted away, and she felt a large and generous charity. At the top of the hill she found a cab, and as it dipped down the broad avenue that leads out of the circle of the dead centuries into the world of living men she turned and looked back at the Coliseum. It was like a dream. The moving lights—the shadows of great heads on the grim old walls—the surging crowds—the cheers from hoarse throats. But the tinkle of the electric tram brought her back to reality, and then she noticed that it had begun to snow.

. . . . . .

Bruno plowed a way for David Rossi, and they reached home at last.

"Ah, here you are, thank God!" said the old Garibaldian, flourishing his pork-pie hat.

Elena was standing at the door of David Rossi's rooms, with an agitated face.

"Have you seen anything of Joseph?" she asked.

The men looked into each other's faces.

"Donna Roma!" said Rossi.

"I'll go and see," said Bruno.

"I must have a rod, whatever you say, I really must!" said Elena.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A STRANGE STORY OF A NECKLACE

THE prevailing fashion of ornamenting the jacket, corsage or bolero with pretty buttons; the use, pushed to extreme, of clasps, buckles and metal trimmings, which must have something unusual about them in design or material to render them effective, has sent the fortunate to the task of ransacking treasure boxes; the less fortunate—in ancestral possessions—to the antique shops where great bargains, from the point of view of the seller, may be obtained by the picker-up of unconsidered trifles. Quaint buttons of every known, and a few unknown, sizes, designs and materials; old-fashioned clasps of delicate workmanship; brooches big enough for belt fastenings, and many other dress ornaments, may be obtained, and often justify the expense and time by their rarity. Many a woman's entire gown to-day may be bought for the price of the buttons on her coat, for the clasp of her ribbon, or the band of trimming adorning some part of her toilet.

One young woman, who has a fad for curios, and a genuine love and knowledge of the antique, has spent several years in collecting old-fashioned watch-bridges. Perhaps you are too modern to know what they are! For your information, it is told that in the watches of the past generation the mainspring was protected by a disk of gold or silver, as the material of the watch determined. This disk was about the size of a cent and consisted of a circle of metal surrounding an open-work design in filigree. Every dealer had his particular pattern for a bridge, and so could tell the maker of a watch as soon as he saw this guard; and, of course, no two were alike. One can imagine the care and money expended in gathering a collection of this kind. Having made it, the young woman in question used about a dozen for clasps for her Eton jacket, the rest she had made into a necklace. This article was such a beautiful piece of workmanship when completed that it attracted the attention of a sneak thief—and you know they are connoisseurs in the matter of jewelry—who left her apartment enriched by it as well as several other pieces of value.

The strange part of the history is to come. A few months ago, travelling in Europe, the young woman visited the principal museum in Brussels, and there, reposing on a velvet cushion, under a glass case in a conspicuous part of the room, was her necklace, easily recognized—if it were possible that a second could be in existence—by the initials on the clasp. It would be interesting to follow the adventures of this wandering antique, from its home in an American apartment to its resting-place in the Musee de Bruxelles; scarcely less interesting than the original adventures of the separate disks from the time of manufacture till they were joined together to make My Lady's necklace. If inanimate things could talk, what material for the writers of historical romances might be gathered from the most humble room!

THE MUSEUM HAS THE BEST OF THE SITUATION

THE OPENING OF THE PICNIC SEASON

The doors of the gymnasiums have closed. For seven or eight months the devotees of Indian clubs, running high jumps, rowing machines, trapezes, bars and clubs, as well as those who have contented themselves with the lighter forms of exercise—free gymnastics, poise, dancing, Delsarte, Swedish movements, etc.—have sought to counteract the effect of steam-heated apartments, social functions and the more or less sedentary life which winter imposes. With the vernal showers and flowers has awakened the desire for broader fields and more extended horizons than is granted by the padded walls.

It is not with the usual forms of exercise, however, with which this article has to deal. It is with the return—the welcome return—of the good old-fashioned picnic, where one goes laden with strangely shaped bundles to sit on fallen trees or an army blanket stretched on the ground, to gather wild flowers, to eat weird concoctions and call them good; to dig in the earth for no apparent reason; to whistle and whittle; to tell stories to which no one listens and would not believe if they did—generally to play the jester or the child and to come home with a store of vital force for the strenuous life to make demands upon for the coming week. Watch the suburban trains, now that the spring weather is here, and you will see processions of picnickers easily distinguished by their air of well-being—and their bundles. Occasionally a fashionable member of one of these parties will appear in an auto with boxes of bonbons or baskets of forced fruit, but such innovations should be, and are, rightly frowned upon. The picnic, to be rightly enjoyed, and the picnic which is to-day so popular, has as its only reason for being a desire for exercise, open-air fun and frolic, with no attempt to make a function of it.

A picture of one of these picnic parties, recently enjoyed near this city, recurs to the writer's mind. The athlete, *by record,* was attired in a spick-and-span golf suit, with a bundle of sticks under his arm, his free hand holding a lump—no, it was a chunk—of ice, tied in a piece of woollen cloth. A tailor-made girl, so exquisitely gowned that she was promptly taken to task, later atoned for this breach of etiquette by arranging an amateur baseball nine and making a home run which is to-day the talk of the party. The chaperons sat in a row on a moss-covered log and ate underdone steak, which one of the young men who has been famous for years for his chafing-dish parties cooked over some white birch coals. A clever artist, one of the picnickers, has in his portfolio a sketch of his chum, a much-sought-after eligible, who has been persistently bored all winter at cotillion, ball, dinner and dance, climbing from branch to branch of a high tree, the desire to emulate some of his prehensile ancestors proving irresistible.

THE MERRY PICNICKERS

There are bits of woodland near every city where one can obtain the necessary *mise en scene* for the picnic—the desired seclusion, the clump of trees, the overhanging rock, the half-dozen cows, the little pond. Our parents were born to simplicity, and had to acquire arts and graces; we, on the contrary, are born to arts and graces, and have to acquire simplicity. The old-fashioned picnic is a move in the right direction. If you don't believe, try it.

A PUNCH-BOWL AND A SCULPTRESS

The most artistic bit of woman's handiwork recently in evidence is the Omar Khayyam punch-bowl, on exhibition at a well-known jeweller's in New York City, eventually to form part of his collection at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The bowl is the work of Mrs. Clio Bracken, a young sculptress

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"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

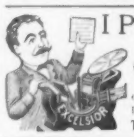
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Rare Old Violins

Remarkable values in fine solo instruments from $50 to $10,000. Largest and finest collection in the world. Send for new catalogue containing Biographies; fac-simile labels; &c. Easy terms.

LYON & HEALY, 19 Adams St., CHICAGO



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Circulars, Books, Newspaper

Card Press $5 **Larger $18**

Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., - Meriden, Conn.

APPENDICITIS

is frequently brought on by constipation. So are many other serious ills. The objection to the usual cathartic remedies is their costive reaction which increases constipation instead of curing it. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a safe, effective remedy. It acts on the Liver and permanently removes constipation. 50 cts. and $1.00 at all Druggists.

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid **35c**

name and address, latest style. Order filled day rec'd. Not obtainable elsewhere at twice the price. Special inducements to Agents. Booklet "CARD STYLE" FREE!

E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., Dept. 7, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The New "Ohio" Steam Cooker

Surpasses all others, by having copper bottom and sides. Cooks large meal over one burner.

This makes Summer Cooking a Pleasure. Use Gas, Gasoline, Oil or Wood Stove. Steam Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. **Great Saving in Fuel, Provision and Labor.** Nothing can burn or dry up and waste. No steam or odor in room, they are conducted into the fire and consumed. Grand for canning fruit. We pay express and guarantee satisfaction. Special offer where we have no agents. Best seller on earth for agents during the summer. Salary and large commission given.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Exclusive Territory—Write us to-day for terms and printed matter. Address

Ohio Steam Cooker Company,
26-31 Ontario Building, Toledo, Ohio.

MODENE

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supersedes electrolysis.

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases (securely sealed), on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 85, Cincinnati, Ohio
Every Bottle Guaranteed
☞ We Offer $1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury

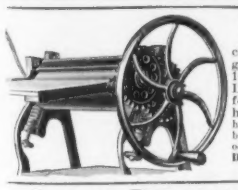
TRUE HAIR GROWER SENT FREE

A Remarkable Remedy which cures old standing cases of Baldness. Restores gray hair to its natural color without dyeing, stops hair falling, eradicates dandruff, cures weak eyebrows and eyelashes, scanty partings and all scalp humors, from whatever cause arising.

Read this Testimonial. "Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer and Skin and Scalp Soap cured me of partial baldness, and has restored my hair to its natural color. It is splendid." Florence Rammer, 251 Virginia Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

FREE! The price of Lorrimer's Excelsior Hair Forcer is $1.00 per bottle, Lorrimer's Skin and Scalp Soap 25c. per bar, but we will send a free trial of these grand treatments together with testimonials and full particulars how to cure all hair and scalp troubles and restore gray hair to its natural color without dyeing on receipt of a two-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day. *Address distinctly.*

LORRIMER & CO.,
Dept. 52, 118 N. Paca St., BALTIMORE, Md.



Ironing Easy.

Gem Ironing Machine. Heated by gas or gasoline—1 1-2 cents per hour. Lasts lifetime. Fine for summer. 10 hours work in one hour. Free—Illustrated booklet "Modern Methods in Ironing."

Domestic Mangle Co., Box F, Racine, Wis.

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

Home Correspondence School, Philadelphia

of considerable renown. She studied many years in Paris as the pupil of Rodin and MacMonnies. The influence of the former is easily recognized in her latest production, while the delicate toning of the bronze—the green frost, some one has called it—suggests many of MacMonnies' color effects. The bowl, in its entirety, represents an open rose, and in the curling petals about the brim seventeen female figures disport themselves in Bacchanalian attitudes. As the name suggests, the Rubaiyat was the inspiration and the phantoms evoked by the Persian poet's dreamy lines seem to have become material under the clever fingers of the sculptress.

The work was developed from the plaster model by the new wax method—the *cire perdue*, as it is called technically—a peculiar phase of this process being that in replicas the grouping, attitudes, etc., of the figures may be changed if desired, so that the purchaser of the original may prevent an exact copy being made. The price of the bowl in question is one thousand dollars. Mrs. Bracken, the sculptress, formerly Miss Hinton, is beautiful, charming, and young enough to have unlimited capital of enthusiasm and strength for future work. It is doubtful, however, if she will ever design anything more poetical and attractive than the Omar Khayyam bowl in question. She is a sister-in-law of Roland Hinton Perry, the sculptor.

THE "HAT TRIMMING CASE"

An interesting case which has been in the United States courts since 1884, involving a matter of twenty million dollars, was practically settled by compromise the other day. The case was between the United States on the one hand and various importers on the other, and was known as the famous "Hat-Trimming Case." The question to be determined was as to whether certain materials were used for trimming hats exclusively or could be used for other purposes. The matter has dragged along nearly twenty years now, and in that time nearly every milliner and dressmaker in the country has been called upon for expert testimony—even the editors of fashion periodicals have been subpœnaed.

In relating its various technicalities and incidents, one of the counsel tells that in Philadelphia, where many of the hearings took place, a fashionable milliner was called in to prove the contention that there is no such thing as a hat-trimming material *per se*, but that anything can be used for that purpose. The lady in question was given a bonnet frame and some silk stockings and asked to show her skill, which she did by ripping one of the hose, fitting it closely over the frame, using others for rosettes, bands, etc., and, by the addition of a feather, plume or some other airy trifle, producing a very stunning capote, which was afterward sold for a good round sum. The hat even exceeded in beauty, it is said, the one made at an Easter hat party in Chicago a few weeks ago by Hamlin Garland, who worked hard for a prize with a wire frame, some tissue paper and the utter ignorance of his subject, which is said to be a forerunner of success, not diverting the mind, as accurate information is apt to do, by prejudices.

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

FOOD PRODUCTS

FRESH AT NIGHT.

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

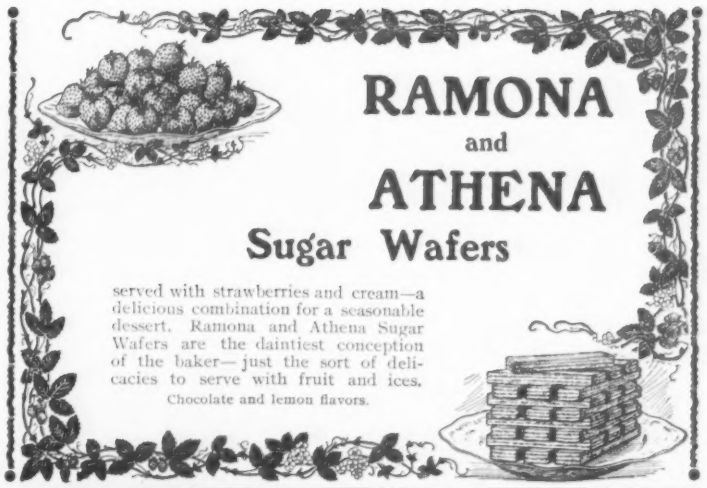
If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher of Media, Kan., says in this connection, "I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts Food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion. I tried various remedies without good results, then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

I commenced using that food and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes but as my vitality increased the eyes became stronger. I never heard of food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts. Please omit my name from print." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



RAMONA and ATHENA Sugar Wafers

served with strawberries and cream—a delicious combination for a seasonable dessert. Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers are the daintiest conception of the baker—just the sort of delicacies to serve with fruit and ices.

Chocolate and lemon flavors.

Big Dress Goods Offer.

For **$1.99** *we furnish a Full Dress Pattern of seven yards of genuine Norton Fancy Black Mercerized Crepon Dress Goods, regular value $5.00.*

SEND NO MONEY. Mention *Collier's Weekly* (No. 150L) and send to us and we will send you a big full dress pattern of seven yards of this fine, new style dress goods by express *C. O. D., subject to examination.* You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than $5.00, *a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price*, pronounced by everyone the *greatest value ever shown* in your section, then pay the express agent our **SPECIAL OFFER PRICE . . $1.99** and express charges. *Express charges will average from 25 to 50 cents. By ordering two or more dress patterns at once the charge per pattern will be much reduced. If more than seven yards are wanted, 36 cents per yard extra.*

THIS IS A GENUINE NORTON BLACK MERCERIZED CREPON DRESS GOODS, an elegant strictly up-to-date fabric for suits or skirts, good weight for year around wear, *a firm cloth we can guarantee for service*, fancy raised crepon effect, goods that we have bought direct from one of the largest mills *under a positive guarantee for quality.*

Our Special $1.99 Price for seven yards of this 38-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on the actual cost to produce, is less than dealers can buy in 100 piece lots, is such value as was never before offered by any house. We make this heretofore unheard of offer of **$1.99** *for a full 7-yard dress pattern* to advertise our Dress Goods Department, and get people everywhere to send for catalogue. *Write for free Dry Goods Catalogue.* **ORDER TODAY! DON'T DELAY!** *When these goods are gone they never again can be offered at the price.* Order two, four or six dress patterns *at our special $1.99 price*, by getting your friends to order with you, and in this way the express charges for each one will be almost nothing. Address **Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill.**

BOMOJA BEST GROWN COFFEE

Best Coffee Grown, per lb., **33c.**

It is packed in absolutely One Pound Air-Tight trade mark bags, which will preserve the strength and flavor for any length of time, even after it has been opened.

Good Coffees. **13c., 15c.** and **18c.**

Very Fine Coffees, **20c.** and **25c.**

TEAS

Formosas, Oolongs, Mixed Ceylons, Japans, English Breakfasts, Young Hyson, Gun Powders, Imperials, and Assam **30c., 35c., 50c.** and **65c.** per lb.

For full particulars, address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, Dept. C. W.
P. O. Box 289. Cor. Church St., **New York.**

"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO"

In the minds of Thousands **Buffalo's Title to Fame rests NOT upon the PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION but upon the fact that Dr. Hayes of Buffalo Cures Asthma and Hay Fever to Stay Cured**

Write or Call for Current Comments No 20 — 716 Main St Cor. Tupper

WATCHES

Special Co-operative Plan.

The best 14k Gold Filled Case that money can buy, warranted for 25 and 35 years, with 15 and 17 Ruby Jeweled Adjusted Remington Movements, Elgin, Waltham or other high grade if preferred.

Co-operative Plan.

$1 per week payments. No middlemen's profit. Lowest cash prices. Any size. All grades and prices.

Any Monogram or Emblem Engraved to order. No extra charge. This proves quality.

DIAMONDS

Costs Less Than 15c. a Day

to buy a High Grade watch or diamond direct from us.

Our Special Club, "Providence." $15.00.

TERMS: $5 cash with order and $1.00 per week for ten weeks. Your choice, 6, 12, 16 or 18 size, hunting, plain polished, engine turned or engraved, case warranted for 20 years, complete with a genuine Columbus movement. All modern improvements. This guarantees superior quality, and this high grade watch at the price and terms is positively beyond competition.

You have the use of the watch or diamond while paying for it. This proves quality and our good faith.

Superb Catalogue Free.

For Prompt Attention, Address Dept. G 66.

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.
126 State St., Dept. G 66, Chicago, Ill.

PIANO **Do You Want a Genuine Bargain in a Piano?**

We have hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting by persons moving which must be disposed of at once as we cannot make room for them in our salesrooms. These pianos include Steinways, Knabes, Fischers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many of them cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount from prices when new. Uprights as low as $100. Very easy terms of payment to reliable persons. Freight would cost you about $5. New large size mahogany pianos, with mandolin attachment, $175, sent anywhere on easy payments. Write at once for complete list and full particulars. You can make a great saving by securing your piano from us. Every piano warranted exactly as represented. **LYON & HEALY,** 78 Adams St., **Chicago.**

The World's Largest Music House.

FRAGRANT AS A ROSE

No Toilet Complete without it.
TRANSPIRATION is a thing to be dreaded.
STINSON'S Boracylic Deodorant

For those disagreeable odors from the feet, or arm-pits, or from excessive perspiration. A luxury for all; it is a sweetly perfumed powder.

For cuts, burns, scalds, carbuncles, ulcers, itching and chafing: a sanitary indispensable: slight astringent.

A Toilet Necessity. A delightful article for the Bath. Strongly antiseptic, cleansing and deodorant.

Send 25c. for trial box — Fragrant and pleasant.

STINSON CHEMICAL CO., Department C. ATLANTA, GA.

Best Natural Aperient Water

Hunyadi János

is a "friend indeed" (the next morning) to diners-out.

It cures CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS

Be sure its—"Hunyadi Janos"—*use the full name.*

Label on bottle is BLUE with RED CENTRE panel.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL. Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* Result of 76 years' experience. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.**

Come Here! when in search of health and rest for mind and body. Your physician will agree. Booklet free. STEUBEN SANITARIUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

HOW WALL STREET NEWS IS CIRCULATED

TAPE, bulletins, and newspapers—these are the principal channels through which flows information of what comes in and goes out with the uncertain tide of Wall Street. Newspapers twice a day, bulletins every ten minutes, tape all the time—thus the money field is irrigated with the news.

THE ODDEST OF WALL STREET NEWSPAPERS

Is printed on presses small enough to be carried in a hat-box. These presses are kept in glass cases, like wax flowers, or ship models, or crown jewels, and are known as Tickers. The Tape is issued every business day, and five hours, 10 to 3, are required to print each issue. When the issue is all printed, it is as long as two city blocks, but only as wide as a postage stamp. You can't buy this newspaper on a news stand, but it has subscribers in every State and Territory in the Union. Its publication in 'Frisco, Tacoma, Jacksonville, and intermediate points is simultaneous with its appearance in New York. It is not a yellow journal, for it prints only the truth. Should it "fake," or guess, or get "beaten" on a story, its circulation would fall off instanter.

Each issue of The Tape contains from 3,000 to 4,000 complete short stories, called quotations, representing stock transactions. Its editor is a keen-witted man named Bamford, and you can't tell Bamford a thing about an active or torpid market, even if you've grown gray and bald "On the Street." His staff consists of twenty reporters and four telegraphers. Look sharp when you visit the Stock Exchange and you can recognize these Tape reporters—they are the only men on the floor with gold braid on their caps. Each has to report the transactions in from five to twenty stocks, according to their "activity." Sometimes a reporter can "cover" only one stock; as, for instance, on the panic days a few weeks ago when dealings in Northern and Union Pacifics were simply overwhelming. It took a single reporter's entire time to keep pace with just one of those stocks. Ordinarily, however, he moves from group to group of brokers, listening, watching, noting.

INFORMATION EVERY SIX SECONDS

The instant a sale is made he scribbles on a pad something about as unintelligible as a doctor's prescription, tears off the sheet and hands it to the nearest telegrapher. An expert telegrapher—they are all expert telegraphers, reporters included—is stationed at each of the four corners of the Exchange. The same second in which a reporter hands over a memorandum of a sale, the operator clicks it off on a Morse instrument, thus transmitting it to a room at the top of the tower of the Produce Exchange—for it must be remembered that the Stock Exchange, while building its new home, is occupying a part of the Produce Exchange floor.

Only two seconds of time have passed and we now have the record of the sale in the tower room. Here nine men are bunched together at the elbows around a T-shaped table. They are a mighty serious lot. No talking is the rule. Here is the silence of a public library and the solemnity of a secret meeting of anarchists. But they are merely telegraph operators with their ears close to instruments that chant the doings of men on 'Change below.

Here are two instruments for each of the four operators downstairs, each message coming thus over two wires to two men; so that if one receiver misses a transaction, his mate has caught it and there is no necessity for the operator below to repeat. This accounts for eight of the nine men in that solemn gang in the tower. The ninth sits at a keyboard, a sort of typewriter, and as fast as the Morse receivers hand him the memoranda of sales he presses the keys of his queer-looking typewriter and thus transmits the quotation from his sky-high room to the central office in the basement of No. 18 Broadway, a block or so from the Exchange.

Four seconds have passed; two seconds more and the quotation will come out on the tape in the offices of a thousand members of the Stock Exchange. In the central office a man sits at an electric typewriter corresponding to the one in the tower. The same instant in which he receives a quotation from the tower man the central man presses keys, or electric buttons, which connect with forty circuits of twenty-five wires each; hence when he presses the keys of his typewriter he prints the quotation on a thousand tickers at once. Thus, six seconds after a sale, a bid or an offer on the "floor," the particulars are known not only in the offices of a thousand members of the Exchange, but in the offices, as well, of a thousand non-members in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Here is an illustration of the rapidity of the process. A broker on the Exchange makes a sale and rushes toward his 'phone to notify his bookkeeper; but before he can get across the floor the news of the sale appears on The Tape in his office. The whole thing is perhaps not quite as quick as saying Jack Robinson, but, if after bidding 80 for Atchison, you stop to say Mr.—Jack—Robinson, two thousand city tickers, as you utter the last syllable, will print your bid.

EVERYWHERE THE HALLELUJAH OR DIRGE OF THE TICKER

The two thousand tickers are fed thus: One-half by the Stock Exchange, which supplies only members, and only those, moreover, having offices south of Chambers Street; the second thousand is supplied by the Western Union Telegraph Company to non-members south of Chambers Street and to any subscriber, whether a member or non-member, north of the same street.

In addition to the tickers within the city limits, the telegraph company supplies thousands of other tickers in cities all over the Union, and cables quotations besides to the chief cities of Europe. Each city has its central office, of course, with its electric typewriter, as in New York. Thus like a lightning flash the news of each Stock Exchange transaction is spread over two continents in the single continuous column of that remarkable newspaper, The Tape.

The doings of the Consolidated Exchange, the Junior Stock Exchange, so to speak, are recorded in exactly the same way—only The Tape of the Consolidated has not so general a circulation. The business of the Produce, Cotton, Coffee, and other Exchanges, as well as the trading in leather and petroleum, and other markets, is given publicity by the news bureaus.

RIVAL PURVEYORS OF MONEY HISTORY

The bureaus which engage in the process of enlightening the financial district are located almost side by side on Broad Street—two of them, friendly rivals. They make a business of sending to brokers, bankers and speculators news of any happening that has a bearing on the money market—events not only of Wall Street, but of all the world. They must first gather this news, so they have correspondents scattered over the globe to the remotest spots touched by cable or wire.

It is these bureaus, then, and not the newspapers, upon which Wall Street relies for earliest information. Ten minutes after a foreign country calls for a loan, five minutes after an Albany strike is settled, the news bureaus make the facts known to Wall Street. Information is sent out, first by a news tape; second, by a system of printed bulletins delivered by boys, and known as "slip service." News tape is operated by an electric typewriting machine, practically the same as a stock tape, but there is a good deal more to it. For news tape is as wide as two newspaper columns, and instead of containing characters unreadable save by the initiated, news tape leaks out of the ticker bearing telegrams of from five to fifty words that can be read as easily as any typewritten correspondence.

The inventor of one remarkable machine that does this work, Mr. Essick, was, on a certain evening ten years ago, walking along a Brooklyn street, carrying the model of the instrument. He was weary and discouraged, for the machine represented his life's work, and he had not found a capitalist to put it on the market. Suddenly he stubbed his toe, and the bundle, the precious model, slipped from his hand and crashed on the pavement. Heart and soul sick, he was about to drag on, abandoning the model on the spot where it had smashed to bits. "You've dropped something," said a passing stranger, stooping and picking up the bundle. They walked on together, Essick explained his invention, and—it reads like a Sunday-school story—the stranger proved to be a capitalist and newspaper publisher. No more need be said. To-day an operator in the office of a news bureau by pressing the keys of the Essick machine typewrites a letter on a similar instrument miles away.

AN "EXTRA" EVERY TEN MINUTES

The second branch of the news bureau work, "slip service," gives even fuller information than the news tape. Here is an illustration of how the slips, or circulars, which are in reality little newspapers, are produced: It is the day of the panic, May 9. There is a "squeeze" in Northern Pacific and shares are selling for $1,000. In the midst of the financial *mêlée*, when a great many of the operators in Wall Street, according to the market, are insolvent, the manager of J. P. Morgan & Company sends for a representative of the news bureau. "Announce," says Morgan's man, "that deliveries of Northern Pacific will not be enforced to-day." Same time, some one representing the associated banks also sends for a news bureau reporter: "Announce that we will loan money at the legal rate to the extent of $25,000,000." (At this particular moment money was being loaned at 60 to 80 per cent.) "Announce, too," continues the mouthpiece of the banks, "that we will not call loans made this day—that such loans can stand for a while, at least."

Now the two news bureau men rush to the nearest 'phones, which have been held open to their offices for the purpose, and repeat the news which has been intrusted to them. As they speak, two editors in the office are writing their very words on pieces of yellow paper. Into pneumatic tubes the editors thrust the yellow sheets and down they shoot to the pressroom. Here the "copy" is distributed to three linotypers, and half a minute later those messages are being printed on the very tiniest cylinder press in New York.

As they gush forth in cold type, in the form of circulars, boys seize a handful and rush out. There are forty of these Mercuries of the Street, and woe be to the man who is merely "rubbering" around the money quarter—he finds himself considerably "jarred" by boys who are rushing on without stopping to apologize. The *esprit de corps* among these boys would shame the staff of an ordinary newspaper.

Each of the forty boys has a certain route, given block or building, and he must deliver a bulletin to each customer of the bureau in that block or building. He enters an office, walks direct to where a file furnished by his bureau is hanging, sticks a bulletin on that file, and then hurries away to the next office. By this time forty bulletins, at least, have been posted, and the news thus given saves the day. The crash of millions is averted. And only ten minutes have passed since Morgan and the associated banks sent for the reporters of the news bureau.

Many brokers repeated the news over their private wires to customers or branch offices all over the country, some houses having as many as thirty-five such wires between Montreal, 'Frisco and the Gulf.

SIGNAL CORPS OF ARMY OF FINANCE

As the news furnished by the bureau has a very definite influence on the trading on the floors of the Exchanges, and as each bureau is not for a moment unaware of the enterprise of its competitor, every tick of the clock is as full of importance as a Diamond Jubilee. If one bureau is one minute behind its rival in delivering news for which the "Street" is agog, the telephone of the delinquent gets immediately red in the face, as it were, with the fury of customers.

The most elaborate but least important channel of Wall Street news is the financial newspaper. Each news bureau issues a paper, but south of Chambers Street there are a score of such financial journals. Whenever a big advertisement is put out, newspapers are born or old ones are resurrected. They live just long enough to print the "ad" the required number of times, then become as extinct monsters. When J. Pierpont Morgan recently handed round the generous "ad" of the United States Steel Company more than a dozen newspapers sprang into being, journalistic Aphrodites from the Sea of Greed.

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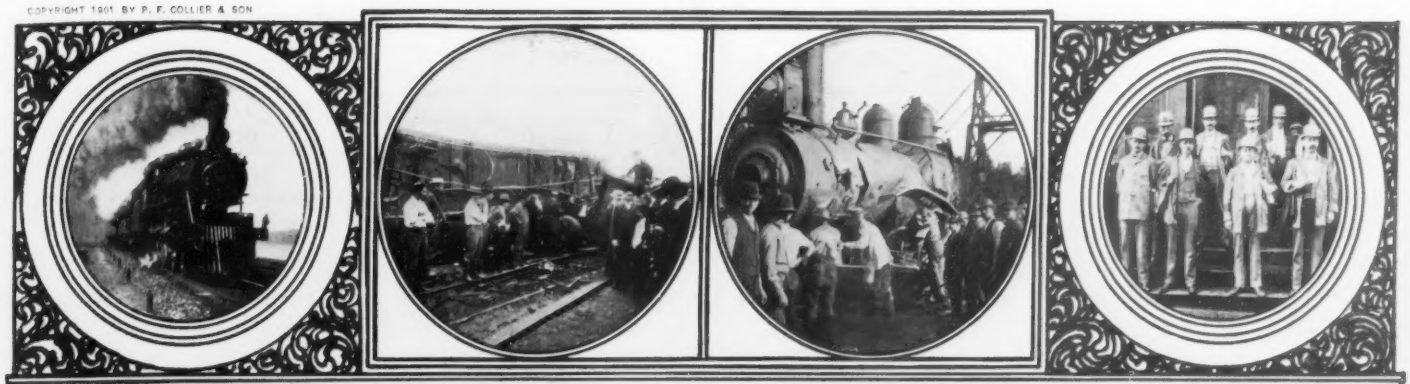

PERILS OF THE POSTAL SERVICE

By HENRY A. CASTLE, Auditor for the Post-Office Department

OUR NATIONAL POSTAL SYSTEM has grown so great, has become such an essential adjunct to an advanced and rapidly advancing civilization, has developed into such an infallible mechanism for promoting the intellectual activities and exchanging the thought-currencies of mankind, that popular apprehension is blind to the fact that the very elements of its marvellous speed and incredible accuracy involve reckless cruelty as well as hideous injustice. Cruelties as well as blessings follow the flag and keep step with human advancement. Our prehistoric forebears, who broiled megatherium steaks on hot stones in the ancestral cave, could not even imagine the refined scourges and afflictions which are inevitable corollaries of existence on a loftier plane.

More people are engaged in the postal service than in all other departments of the government combined. An unchallenged statement has been made that at least 250,000 persons are directly connected with the work. But this estimate probably includes trainmen, etc., employed on railways, who are not, strictly speaking, in the government service, yet who have necessary functions to perform before the mail can be transported and delivered. It is an easily ascertained fact, however, that the biennial government blue-book, devoted to a catalogue of the sworn and paid employés of the postal service, is considerably larger than its companion volume, which enumerates the employés of all other branches of the government—executive, legislative and judicial.

Omitting from the present consideration the 77,000 postmasters and the large number of contractors for carrying mail who, though sworn and bonded officers, are measurably exempt from perils inherent in the service, the remaining classes would principally be rural and city letter-carriers, clerks in city post-offices, post-office inspectors and railway mail clerks. These are practically all within the classified Civil Service; each class named has its special expert work and its peculiar heavy responsibilities. A high-grade examination as to scholarship and physical condition is required for admission to this classified service. After admission long training is required before a sufficient degree of proficiency is reached to justify an expectation of the best possible success. And after all this is accomplished, the average salaries paid are less than similar ability and experience command in private or corporate business employments.

DANGERS PECULIAR TO THE MAIL SERVICE

Attachés of the mail service, however, who are employed in transportation by stage-coach or on horseback encounter certain dangers peculiar to their occupation. The same is true of carriers in the new rural free delivery service, which is extending so rapidly and is proving so beneficent as an educational force in our agricultural districts. There is for all these men a necessary exposure to every vicissitude of weather, to storms and blizzards, to dangers from flood and lightning, menacing to life or health, and often producing fatal results. There is also in some of the wilder mountain and frontier sections danger from assassination by desperadoes among whom robbery of the mail seems to exercise a terrible fascination.

Letter-carriers in cities—the popular and accommodating "men in gray," who do so much to ingratiate our postal system into the affections at least of the women of the country—are subject to certain hardships and exposures which, though mild as compared with those incident to some of the other branches, are, nevertheless, sufficient to still further endear them to their grateful patrons. They, too, are exposed to the elements, for in their work there is no postponement on account of the weather. Rain or shine, they must travel their allotted routes. Their occupation is healthful in fine weather, but may become dangerous during long seasons of exceptional inclemency. There is likewise the well-known peril from dogs, which is a never-ending tribulation; and there is the danger of being crushed under the burdens heaped upon them during holiday seasons.

SPECIAL RISKS OF CITY POSTAL CLERKS

The clerks in city post-offices incur special risks connected with their ill-paid and laborious positions. Much of their work requires the very highest degree of intelligence and involves a hard-earned proficiency little short of marvellous to the uninitiated. There is no eight-hour day for them; ten to twelve hours out of each twenty-four is the usual allotment, and many of them work far into the night. Until very recently they were allowed no vacation. In our largest cities the business grows so much more rapidly than the accommodations furnished that these clerks are almost invariably herded in dark and dingy buildings, often in damp basements intended for storage purposes. They have only artificial light and that of poor quality; they inhale air laden with pestilence and germs of disease when not perceptibly permeated with intolerable stench; they handle mail-bags infected with microbes of virulent contagion from every city in the land. Undoubtedly, their lives are shortened by overwork and unsanitary conditions. It would not be surprising if many of them were driven to suicide by their unutterable experiences with an exasperating public which is ingenious enough to spell Chicago in two hundred different ways and to invent two thousand distinct methods of torturing the patient clerks who come directly in contact with it. On one point, at least, they are safely immune—they are never killed with kindness or courtesy.

Special agents and inspectors, the secret service men of the system, have their own risks in dealing with detected and desperate rogues who are often professional criminals. On these devoted servants of the Department falls the duty of discovering crime, and first confronting the evil-doer with the evidence of his misdeeds. They must be ever ready to make arrests and always on the alert for self-defence. It is true they do not arrest counterfeiters or moonshiners except incidentally, but they have equally difficult tasks to perform. The more experienced officers are the custodians of innumerable criminal romances and could make revelations of hair-breadth escapes that would bulge a fat quarto.

But the perils of all the features which have been named shrink to insignificance compared with those connected with the railway mail service.

A HAZARDOUS AND HARD LIFE

The life of a railway mail clerk or route agent at the best is not easy. He travels under a constant strain and is subject to unremitting mental and physical hardship. He is always overworked, but he must be ever alert, expert and accurate. The business of a continent depends on the correctness of his instantaneous mental processes and his rapid manipulations—a letter "misthrown" may break a heart or burst a bank or ruin a railway corporation.

The lurching of cars going at tremendous speed around sharp curves; the continued succession of efforts to maintain equilibrium; the monotonous vibrations terribly destructive to nerve tissue, to spinal column and to brain texture, are the daily and hourly concomitants of his ordinary work. Probationers often relent and go back to their former duties. One aspirant for employment in this field was assigned to a notably vigorous route. He never finished his first trip; he went half-way, bought a ticket home, and returned as a passenger. Replying afterward to some questions as to the labor involved he replied: "Lifting and unlocking two hundred-pound pouches, shaking out contents, arranging same, removing pouches, locking same, carrying same away, jumping on and stamping on mail matter, rearranging sacks, then going over same work, continuing same seventeen hours, without rest, with trains flying round curves and slinging you against everything that is not slung against you."

Vigor, vitality and resolution are essential in a beginner as well as keenest intelligence and unwearied spirit of application. But the physical qualities are slowly sapped and undermined by such steady exactions of duty and the mental qualities are proportionately deteriorated.

Hence, the railway mail system is a huge Gorgon, incessantly, cruelly devouring specimens of the best manhood of the nation. Under present conditions it must continue to demand and devour, in order that the currents of trade and the tides of civilization may continue to flow. Suspend the man-wrecking process a single week for needed, universal rest and social chaos would ensue.

A GREWSOME CASUALTY COLUMN

But, bitter as it is, this is not the only or by any means the worst phase of the cruelty of this governmental monster. The cold-blooded table in the last annual report of the Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service tells an even more dreadful tale. It is the "Casualty Column" of the system for twenty-six murderous years.

This remarkable record shows that with an annual average of 5,120 clerks employed, there were 2,819 casualties in twenty-six years. From this it will be seen that should an individual serve in this capacity for the ordinary period of an active lifetime, he would stand more than an even chance of losing his life or being maimed in the line of duty. Fifty-five per cent of the average number of employés were literally killed or wounded on the firing-line. Take the services of an equal number of soldiers in our regular army during the past twenty-six years, including their arduous duty fighting Indians on the frontier and their military experience in the Spanish and Filipino wars, and we will find less than one-fourth of this proportion of deaths and wounds actually received in action. Therefore, aside from the other elements of risk and exposure involved, our railway mail clerks are subjected to four times the danger of death and serious injury encountered by the gallant officers and soldiers of our military establishment. Probably only the "Life-saving Service" brings to its employés so perilous an exposure to the hazard of life and limb.

The "Casualty Column" quoted from is followed in the Annual Report of the Superintendent by thirty-six pages of finely printed, highly condensed, short-paragraph statements of the facts regarding the 697 cases of casualty reported during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900. These statements follow each other as arranged by consecutive dates, and few of them exceed five lines in length, but each contains a vivid statement of wreck or loss, and many of them embody tragedies of the rail that are terrible to contemplate.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES OF THE RAIL

A brief resumé of some of these cases will give an inkling of their peculiar nature, though they are by no means the most destructive. On a line in northern Ohio, a train containing four postal cars was derailed and two cars thrown from the track into the waters of Sandusky Bay with ten clerks shut up in them, whose escape from drowning was little short of miraculous. On one of the lines between Chicago and Cincinnati, a clerk in delivering mail at a local station where the train did not stop, lost his balance through a sudden lurch of the car, fell through the doorway and was instantly killed. In two cases during the year, one in Kansas and the other in Florida, trains were struck by tornadoes and blown from the track. The mail car in each instance was badly damaged and the clerks were seriously injured. On the Denver and Fort Worth line, a train ran into a washout, the mail-car was thrown down an embankment and telescoped by the baggage-car; the wreck caught fire and the imprisoned clerk was burned to death. On a route near Memphis, Tenn., the mail-car was thrown down an embankment, turned partly over, and, catching fire from the lamps, the interior of the car, including a large quantity of mail, was entirely burned, but the clerk escaped with slight injuries by breaking his way through the glass door. In several cases mail trains have been held up by robbers and the mail-car perforated with bullets; in one of these the clerk was shot in the face and seriously injured.

Official records show that great heroism and devotion are shown by the route agents in protecting their special trust. Over and over again, notwithstanding severe injuries received by them in train wrecks, the scattered mail matter has been collected and transferred to another train or the nearest post-office before they would pause to have their wounds dressed. In one case, where a train was thrown over an embankment near Omaha, the postal clerk's hands were severely burned by seizing a lamp and holding it to prevent it from upsetting and firing the mail matter.

NO PENSIONS IN THE MAIL SERVICE

And so the work of destruction goes on, apparently without mitigation or remedy. The maimed victims and the dependants of the slain are even deprived of the poor recompense of such provision for their future as is vouchsafed to the officers and men of the army and navy.

Relief has been repeatedly asked by the employés and recommended by Department officials, but so deep-rooted is the popular antipathy to a civil pension list that no legislation has resulted. The only consideration permissible under law and regulations consists of allowing an injured clerk leave of absence with pay, during the period of his disability, provided it does not exceed one year. But in case a clerk is killed, or dies of his injuries, the salary ceases at once, and the family is often left destitute.

The fast mail is a necessity of modern existence—social and business relations are adjusted to a confident reliance on its speed and accuracy. But the fast mail is achieved through a sacrifice of health and longevity, at a risk of limb and life, which is appalling to contemplate.

When the Empire Express or Royal Purple Limited goes thundering through the land, drawn by a mastodon mountain-climber, shaking the earth with its majestic tread and clouding the skies with the smoke of its quenchless fires, we rejoice in the vision of a typical exemplar of modern progress. We do not see the worn and patient workers caged in the mail-cars, swaying and shaking, trembling and lurching, as they handle with nimble fingers, following behests of an unerring brain, the countless thousands of missives which carry the daily messages of commerce or friendship for many States. We do not know their mental strain or physical weariness; we only know that their work is done at all and done with incredible accuracy, as we participate in its benefits. And, fortunately, we do not see the ever imminent, often realized, crash and crush and wreck and hideous ruin in which those uncrowned heroes of the battle of civilization are engulfed when the flying monster leaves the trembling track and is instantly transformed into a formless mass of twisted steel and blazing wood and bleeding relics of humanity.

Peace hath her victories as well as war—likewise her victims, and these are of them. As we revel in the felicities of the best postal system on earth, let us bear in mind that it is not achieved without risks and losses and sacrifices which bring suffering to many individuals and desolation to many homes.

THE WORD PIANOLA
AND WHAT IT MEANS

THE WORD "PIANOLA" has been so often brought to one's attention that the realization that it must *mean something* forces itself upon one.

This feeling is strengthened by the wonderful growth of its popularity. Musicians and laymen alike are purchasing Pianolas, and both are equally enthusiastic regarding the pleasure they realize from the instrument's use in their homes.

It is impossible to explain an article for which there is no precedent. Briefly stated, the Pianola is an instrument by means of which any one can play upon the piano any pianoforte selection ever composed—no matter how difficult. The

PIANOLA IN USE WITH UPRIGHT PIANO

player controls the expression and therefore experiences all the pleasure of hand-playing.

The popularity of the piano, despite its thousands of compositions locked behind a baffling technique, makes the enthusiasm created by the Pianola readily understood.

Music is desirable under all circumstances, but in no place is it more appreciated than in the summer home. It is naturally here, away from musical centers, that the Pianola has come to be looked upon as a necessity. In these far-away retreats there are many occasions when a little music, either on the veranda or indoors, is a decided acquisition. With a house-party to entertain, an impromptu dance or college "sing" is often needed, and the Pianola provides an ever-ready accompaniment; or, if desired, a concert with a Paderewski or Hofmann program can be given at a moment's notice. In fact, every taste may be gratified, whether it calls for grand or light opera, rag-time favorites, old-fashioned melodies, or accompaniments for solo or chorus singing, violin or "cello."

The price of the Pianola is but $250, yet it makes the piano worth all it was intended to be worth.

Visitors always welcome. Our instruments are gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers. If unable to call at our warerooms, write for Catalogue I, describing the Pianola.

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WHAT IT MEANS TO BE MAYOR OF CHICAGO

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

the law is observed by drawing the blinds and preventing, as far as possible, offence to the religious-minded citizen.

"BLUE LAWS" DO NOT "GO" OUT WEST

There is also an old-time State law forbidding the disturbance of the peace by any unnecessary work on the Sabbath. Under this law it is probably technically illegal to run a street car, print or sell a newspaper, keep a drug store open, or do a hundred and one of those things that are done every Sunday in at least a majority of our Western cities. The demand for the enforcement of one law would bring a counter-demand for the enforcement of the other.

Some claim that a law should be either enforced or repealed. That is all well and good if the power that enforces has the power of repeal. In this case Chicago would enforce, but the State would repeal. Chicago has but one-third of the total representation of the State in the Legislature. Besides, the country legislators know but little of the needs or character of Chicago.

By demanding the right of home rule Chicago has kept itself so far free from interference by the State with its home affairs. Four years ago an attempt was made to pass a street railway bill hostile to Chicago's interest. The public outcry was tremendous, and the bill as passed was greatly modified. In spite of all modifications, for two years the people were so violent in their opposition that the bill was finally repealed and Chicago was left free to work out its own street railway problem. Attempts to establish local boards in charge of police, fire, water, or public works are fortunately infrequent and none of them as yet has been successful.

HOME RULE IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

A vast majority of the citizens of Chicago demand home rule in the management of municipal affairs. Our foreign population, especially, claims that by reason of nonobservance locally for twenty-eight years the Sunday-closing law, which they claim conflicts with their personal rights, is selfrepealed.

The charter of Chicago, though in many respects antiquated, is in one respect fully abreast of the times and in consonance with modern thought. The makers of the charter rightly held to the idea that good municipal government demanded the concentration of all executive authority in a single person. They felt that divided work meant divided responsibility, that the scattering of power among boards would be liable to result in evil, and that the best results would follow placing the full responsibility upon one set of shoulders, whence it could not be shifted.

In accordance with this idea the Mayor of Chicago has full veto power over all orders or ordinances passed by the City Council—subject, however, to overruling by a two-thirds vote. He is also a member of and the presiding officer of the City Council, and thus is enabled to keep a close watch on all municipal legislation. In the four years I have been Mayor I have made it a fixed rule to attend all Council meetings. Since my first election I not only have not missed a meeting of the City Council, but I have not been out of the chair for a minute while the Council was in session. By adhering to this rule I have kept closely in touch with legislation.

THE MAYOR HAS TROUBLES OF HIS OWN

To be Mayor of Chicago would mean to be a very busy man even if the duties of the office were confined to and did not extend beyond supervision over and careful scrutiny of the working of the City Council. The Mayor's Council duties involve personal examination by him of hundreds of orders and ordinances, as well as a hearing of arguments in favor of or against a large number of ordinances. These arguments come not only from the aldermen, but from all classes of citizens who are interested in having an ordinance vetoed or allowed to stand. The Mayor of Chicago is, in effect, alderman-at-large for the entire city. Particularly is this true as regards the sparsely settled suburban districts to which many aldermen pay but little attention and residents of which look to the Mayor for care of their interests. This is not all. The Mayor has the appointing power to all responsible city positions, subject, of course, to confirmation by the City Council, which has rarely been refused. He may remove any appointee, subject to being overruled by a two-thirds vote of the City Council.

—LIKEWISE POSSESSES UNLIMITED POWER

The fact that he has the power of appointment, as well as of removal, makes the Mayor the real head of each department. Among the officers he appoints are: Superintendent of Police, Commissioner of Public Works, Controller, Corporation Counsel, Chief of Fire Department, City Collector, Commissioner of Buildings, Superintendent of Electricity, City Purchasing Agent, Police Court Magistrates, members of the School Board, members of the Library Board, Inspectors of the House of Correction, Civil Service Commissioners, Commissioner of Health, Board of Examining Engineers, Board of Local Improvements.

Although the Mayor's time, as has been shown, is pretty well occupied with Council matters, with safeguarding worthy measures and killing vicious ones, he is, on account of his appointive power, held personally responsible for every act of every department of the city administration. If all goes well in a department, the Mayor perhaps gets a modicum of credit. If aught goes wrong, he gets the full measure of blame. By the very necessity of the case, therefore, he is forced, if he wishes to make a creditable record, to keep his eyes on every department and never slumber. He is expected to watch every move of the Aldermen, and while doing this to look out for the smooth running of the machinery of the Police Department, inadequate in numbers as it is. He knows he will be called upon to unravel every hitch and tangle that may arise. In the midst of a struggle with a Police Department problem he learns of a clash between the Controller and some department head, who is seeking for more money than his appropriation calls for, or is trying to establish the necessity for a larger pay-roll. The Commissioner of Public Works finds himself hampered by the manipulations and scheming of contractors, and he comes for relief to the Mayor's office. The City Electrician discovers that pitfalls are being dug for him by trusts of lighting interests, and he naturally consults the Mayor. The Building Commissioner is considered too strict in the enforcement of the ordinances affecting his department, and property owners who want a little leeway come over his head to see the Mayor; or a building falls down and the Mayor is pounded because his Building Commissioner is lax in the performance of his duties.

—AND IS TOLD THE TROUBLES OF 2,000,000 CITIZENS

If the Board of Education, which has the expenditure of many millions of dollars annually, conducts its affairs in a way that calls for no adverse criticism, well and good—the members are all they should be. But if a dispute arises over a kindergarten it leads into the Mayor's office, and unless the dispute is settled satisfactorily to the citizens concerned the Mayor gets the blame. A Civil Service examination is held; sometimes the disappointed ones merely grumble, sometimes they try to get a Grand Jury to indict the Mayor. In this connection it is well to remember the disappointed always outnumber the successful contestants. The successful owe the Mayor no thanks, because they passed on their merits; but the unsuccessful always owe him a grudge because of their failure. Then again, a citizen who desires a privilege granted or a wrong redressed, rarely visits the head of the appropriate department; he looks to the Mayor for relief. If a saloon license is to be revoked, a free permit to peddle granted, a horse or cow to be let out of the pound or "a drunk and disorderly" to be pardoned from the House of Correction, a personal visit is paid the Mayor.

As it costs only five cents to ride down to the City Hall, the number of a Mayor's visitors and the amount of worry they can inflict constitute by no means the least of the difficulties of governing a young city of 2,000,000 souls.

All of this is not one-half of what it means to be Mayor of Chicago.

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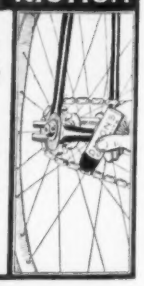

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8 Elmore Block, Ashland, O.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICANS IN CHINA

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

Chinese upon whom we relied so much. I would like to tell you some of my own interesting experiences, but it is so difficult to separate personal experiences from official acts that it would be neither wise nor politic for me to discuss them now; so I will leave the story to others or for a later date. However, if you ask me how this culminating crime of the century has affected trade, I must answer, Most disastrously, of course; or, if you ask, What can be expected in the future? I reply, Revived trade, renewed commercial activity, increased educational and hospital work, and more effective religious and missionary progress. When can the inauguration of this hopeful situation be expected? When the powers have come to an amicable and final settlement with China. This ought, and I believe will, soon be accomplished. Our Civil War was the last great struggle of the South to preserve slavery, but instead it was forever destroyed, and they now rejoice in its destruction.

So this attempt to forever establish Chinese exclusiveness will, I firmly believe, result in breaking down the barriers which they have endeavored to raise, and in time China will be grateful for their obliteration and will welcome Western methods of educational progress and commercial development.

Note with care the twelve articles agreed to by the Chinese Peace Commissioners and the representatives of the powers, and you find that intercourse with foreign nations is to be simplified and facilitated, that financial methods are to be improved, commercial arrangements are to be revised, and the treaties rearranged so as to bring China willingly into such contact with the rest of the world as will result in mutual benefit to all. Satisfied with this, foreseeing the resultant betterments, and moving upon this line, China's more intelligent viceroys and governors are already planning for the establishment of scientific and other schools which will prepare the people for the progressive future which may now be opened to them. If we are to share in the good to them and the world that is to come from this new development, then it behooves us all, merchant and missionary, manufacturer and philanthropist, individuals and officials, to lend a hand.

These remarks are based upon the hope, which I most confidently cherish, that a satisfactory settlement can and will soon be made by the powers with China. But should the worst come, and failure result, the four hundred million of people will still be there, their wants must be supplied and their products bought. The requirements of commercial life will still exist and must be met, and the great water highways thence from our shores will still remain. We must be ready to adapt ourselves to the new conditions, do our part of the work and secure our share of the reward.

There is abundant work before us. China is not alone within the scope of American operations, but Japan, Corea, the Straits Settlements, Siam, India and the Oriental islands await your efforts, and it is to be hoped that all agencies, governmental and mercantile, individual and official, religious and commercial, may so co-operate as to harm none but benefit all, and bring profit to our people and glory to our flag.

FOOD PRODUCTS

WHERE'S THE USE?
Drugging with Coffee and Keeping Sick all the Time.

A coffee drinker is liable to a smash almost any time and without much warning. A New York man, C. W. Bedford, 1065 Lex. Ave., says that when he was in apparently perfect health, weighing about 185 pounds, with good appetite, he suddenly had a severe attack of gastritis. He lost his appetite and the doctor put him on a rigid diet and gave him remedies, but all to no purpose. He says, "Everybody I met had a cure and I tried a lot of them. I lost weight until I reached 144 pounds. I had those nasty gastric staggers.

About the middle of the summer, when on a vacation, a friend asked whether I drank coffee or not. Being told that I did, he suggested that I quit it and take Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food. I laughed at him and told him that I was through with special articles of diet.

One day the nerves had another bad smash and I concluded to quit coffee and see if that was really the cause of the trouble.

Next morning I had Postum for breakfast and it was well made, and tasted good. I also had Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and from that day my troubles began to fade away.

I am steadily gaining in flesh, can sleep naturally, and can eat whatever I want. What is the use of a man's drinking an article like coffee that poisons him, and causes such troubles as I have had when you can have a delicious Food Coffee like Postum that builds up instead of tearing down." Health is worth more than all the coffee on earth.

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SOME CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT LIFE ASSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE UNVEILING of a bronze statue to the late Henry B. Hyde, founder of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and for more than forty years its controlling genius, calls attention to the swift and tremendous progress of life assurance in this country.

Although possibly the most prosperous and powerful business organization in the country, American life assurance is of comparatively recent date. The first American company was the Mutual Life of New York, which was organized in 1843. The New England Mutual Life, of Boston, was founded in the same year. In a little more than a half-century, the assurance organizations have grown to such proportions that a president of one of the largest companies said two years ago that, in a single day's notice, the assurance companies could have loaned the government the $500,000,000 necessary to carry on the war with Spain. Four of the great organizations, he said, could at any time guarantee the expenses of any war or assume the financial responsibilities of the country in any sudden emergency.

At first the development of life assurance was slow, but by 1850 there were about a dozen native companies doing business in the United States. These held assurance in force to the extent of some $70,000,000.

By 1870, there were in the United States 77 companies, with assurance in force amounting to $2,046,254,488.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF HENRY B. HYDE, FOUNDER OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, RECENTLY UNVEILED IN THE COMPANY'S BUILDING, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, MAY 2. IT IS BY J. Q. A. WARD

But the period of greatest progress and prosperity began with 1881. It had taken fourteen years to double the business and income held and received by the Association Companies about 1870, but after 1881 it required only seven years to double it again.

In 1898, there were 60 companies, and they held assurance in force in the enormous total of $6,800,000,000. Of this, $1,100,000,000 was what is known as industrial assurance.

In 1899, there were 69 companies, with a total of assurance in force of $7,774,000,000.

In 1900, the grand aggregate of assurance in force, held on the lives of persons in the United States by American companies, was more than $8,500,000,000.

The vast growth of the business may be better appreciated when it is compared with the development of life assurance in Great Britain. Although the English life assurance companies have been in the field for about two centuries, or four times as long as the American, the assurance in force held by them amounts to about $3,500,000,000, or much less than half the total held by the companies of the United States.

The total "admitted" assets of the American companies is some $1,595,000,000.

The profit in assurance may be inferred from the fact that the total income is about $365,368,000.

Since 1871, the assurance companies of the United States have paid out to their policyholders more than the national debt, even at its highest point.

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HARGRAVE — YALE 'VARSITY EIGHT ON THEIR FLOAT — BAKER

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

"INDEPENDENCE" (SEE PAGE 6)

Independence is a remarkable boat built by a remarkable man for a remarkable purpose. The question interesting the minds of the public is whether she will have the opportunity to carry out that purpose. Her owner has recently given out the statement that the reason for *Independence* no longer exists. That is certainly true if she is not allowed to enter the trial races. The owner of *Independence* has always had a way of never giving up until he succeeded in getting what he wanted, and whether in this instance he, with the large backing of the public, will bring it about that the rules of the New York Yacht Club shall be suspended, is a good deal of a puzzle. It looks as though either the New York Yacht Club or the owner of *Independence* would have to back down if *Independence* shall have once more her *raison d'être*.

In addition to this, there promises to crop up some rivalry in the feelings of the Boston and New York populace over the question at issue. Five wonderful sloops have come from Boston—*Puritan*, *Mayflower*, *Volunteer*, *Jubilee*, and *Pilgrim*—but every one of these boats has sailed under the flag of the New York Yacht Club. Will the boat in our accompanying illustrations bear that flag? One party says no, and the other says if not, then she cannot race under certain conditions.

When *Independence* was launched our staff artist secured photographs quite up to the remarkable character of the man and boat which have raised all this issue. Any one studying her lines feels that there is an indication of power there which cannot be overlooked. She has a low freeboard, and a long, thin overhang, and seems to rest on the water in prettier fashion than any of our previous boats. There are plenty of people in Boston who believe that if she has a chance she will earn her right to be the defender of the Cup, and all are waiting anxiously for her trial spin.

It was claimed, when it was reported that the sail plan of *Independence* showed a spread of canvas of over 14,600 square feet, that she would certainly be oversparred. But that contention is perhaps less strongly held now that she is afloat.

Mr. Crowninshield has done so well with small boats that, although he has never before carried out the skimming-dish principle on a boat of the size of *Independence*, there are a lot of people who will back him up in the big boats from their experience of his work in the little fellows.

Independence has 23 feet 5 inches beam and 20 feet draught. With a mast 150 feet from deck to truck and a boom of 108 feet 5 inches, no wonder she will carry 14,611 feet of canvas. She is stiffened inside by hollow tube braces, her deck is of steel and aluminum, and her keel a hollow bronze trough to be filled with lead in pigs and then shot.

INTERCOLLEGIATE MEETING

After the dual meets the eyes of all those who are interested in track athletics turn to the Intercollegiates, where the final issue of track and field is fought out for the year. This season these games will be transferred from Manhattan Field to the Berkeley Oval once more. This field has always been regarded as having a more collegiate standing, even though the general public is not as familiar with the methods of reaching the grounds. To the well-sustained interest of the regular intercollegiate programme will be added again a bicycle meet. This for some years now has been separated from the Intercollegiate track contests, and the reunion will be hailed with delight by those who can spare the time to enjoy both meetings, for it is impossible, with the growth of events and entries, to have both bicycle and track meet all in one afternoon as of old.

We shall miss from the cinder path and the turf ring many of the old favorites. Kraenzlein, that human wonder at hurdling, jumping and, finally, flat events, has graduated from Pennsylvania, and will no more carry the red and blue. Cregan, as good an average middle-distance runner as the Intercollegiates have ever seen, although Kilpatrick holds the record, has graduated from Princeton, and with him have gone also Jarvis, the plucky sprinter, and Carroll. McCracken will no longer throw the hammer for Pennsylvania, nor will Grant run the long distance or Remington hurdle, while Yale has lost her crack pole-vaulters Johnson and Adriance, as well as a good man in the middle distances in Smith. Harvard loses Rice, the high jumper, and Daly the broad, Cornell loses Boynton, that remarkable hammer-thrower, as well as Deming and Kinzey, two good pole-vaulters. The severest of all these losses, outside of Pennsylvania's, is Columbia's in losing Long, the best quarter-miler in the country.

Other changes that we shall see this year are the transfer of Murphy, probably the best track trainer in the country, back to his old home, Yale, leaving Pennsylvania to the care of Turner and graduate coaches. Princeton, like Yale, comes back to her old trainer in the person of Jim Robinson. Harvard has replaced Lathrop with a Boston Athletic Club trainer, and Hjertberg has charge of Columbia.

Of promising men there are a number at each university. Sheldon of Yale is probably the best known of all as a shot-putter. He has added to his athletic honors this year by securing a first division stand in scholarship, but to a man of his physique burning the midnight oil seems unlikely to weaken the strength of his arm and body. Hare of Pennsylvania is another giant who is well known and who will once more appear in the weight events. Boal and Ellis will probably represent Harvard in these events, and Beck and Stillman will back up Sheldon for Yale with shot and hammer. Gordon Brown, the Yale football captain, is also trying his luck with the hammer. DeWitt of Princeton is, however, the most promising of this lot. In the jumps, Prinstein of Syracuse, in the absence of Kraenzlein, should have the broad jump his own way, although in the relays at Philadelphia he did not reach his usual distance. Spraker of Yale, if he competes, Foster and Shirk of Harvard are the only men likely to get up near him.

In the high jumps the contest should be interesting. Jones of New York University has been a good man for some seasons, and should he come against Spraker of Yale and Rotch of Harvard, it should be an interesting contest. Baxter, if he represents Pennsylvania in this event, will make it necessary for these others to keep up pretty near their records to beat him. Serviss of Princeton is also in this class, and, on the whole, with a good take-off the struggle should be serious.

When it comes to the distance events, there ought to be more good contests. Harvard has in Clark, as was shown in the Pennsylvania relays, as well as in Knowles, first-class men. When it comes to the two-mile, Cornell has a good man in Berry, Yale a star in Gay, Harvard a strong man in Richardson, while Applegate and Foote have improved in the Cambridge distance events.

In the middle distances, Brown has a consistently good performer in Hall, as has Princeton in Perry and in Adsit. Yale has Weston, a good, strong average man; Cornell has Hastings and McMeekin.

Of sprinters, it is difficult to judge until the men toe the mark, owing to the crop of strained tendons which has seemed to become more numerous annually among these short-distance runners. Harvard has a good man in Haigh and another in Butler, Yale a first-class 2.20 or quarter-miler in Boardman and a good hundred man in Hargrave, Pennsylvania a fast man in McClain, and Cornell a promising man in Sears. Then there are Clark of Harvard, Dupee of Yale, and Smith of Pennsylvania.

The pole-vaulting looks promising for Coleman of Princeton, according to public form, but some other stars may arise.

In hurdling, there promises to be as interesting a contest as in the high jump. Yale has in Clapp a good goer, consistent and steady, with Fincke (if his leg gets well) and Thomas two second strings. Harvard has in Converse and Hallowell another strong pair, although the Harvard captain has, like the Yale captain, been laid up with an injury. But Potter of Williams is likely to crowd out some of these men, while there may be dark horses in both high and low events.

BASEBALL

Yale, Harvard and Princeton have shown surprising strength in baseball. Harvard, with Clarkson and Stillman in the box, and Captain Reid at the backstop end of the battery, has the advantage. Either of these pitchers can confuse the average batsman, and Reid is capable of catching like a machine in every important match.

At Yale there is a quartet of pitchers—Captain Robertson, Cook, Garvan, and Sharpe—who made his very commendable pitching début in the early game with the New York League team. The New Haven collegians, however, may find the need of an alternate for Hirsh, their only good catcher.

At Old Nassau, Young and Underhill are doing the pitching for the Tigers, and they have shown remarkable prowess. Princeton, however, has no catcher equal to Hirsh of Yale, to say nothing of Reid of Harvard.

The University of Pennsylvania track team prospects at this writing appear discouraging, according to the reports from Philadelphia. The loss of such men as Kraenzlein, McCracken, Grant and Tewkesbury is a serious blow to the outlook for the red and blue.

WALTER CAMP.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE"

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY HENRY T. COATES & CO.

In Search of Mademoiselle

THE bloody and long-protracted disagreement of Spanish and French adventurers about the ownership of the Land of Flowers—finally to be pre-empted by the sedate and ultra-civilized golfer—has furnished Mr. Gibbs, a recent and very satisfactory artist-author combination, with a theme for a novel, and we desire here to thank him for having worked out his happy inspiration.

"In Search of Mademoiselle" (Henry T. Coates) is a "Romantic Tale of the Picturesque Episode of the struggle between the French and Spanish for the possession of Florida." So says the author. It is a delightful compound of sea-roving, love-making, fighting and blood-letting in general, with some specific murders and tortures and assorted savagery thrown in for full weight, and, as the author has made his own pictures, the illustrations really illustrate—a somewhat rare quality, by the way.

English Protestantism in the reign of Elizabeth is struggling for a foothold in France when Sydney Killigrew succeeds to his father's estate at Tavistock. When that worthy Councillor of the Realm, full of honors but empty of purse, renders back his soul, his son casts about him for a profitable calling. Chance throws him with an old friend, one of those honest buccaneers whom Queen Bess publicly denounced and privately abetted in throat-slitting and ship-scuttling. Armed with a Patent Royal to "trade" on the high seas, diplomatic warranty to Spanish doubloons to be garnered after the fashion of his times, Master Hooper easily persuades young Killigrew to accept a command on his ship, the *Griffin*. (How hard those stiff-necked heroes are to persuade—and how many of us would jump at such a chance!) A Spanish galleon, captured two days out from Portsmouth, brings to our hero his natural enemy, the inevitable villain, Don Diego de Bacan, captain of the *San Cristobal*—and Mademoiselle likewise appears on the scene of action.

The lady's beauty and grace captivate in turn the susceptible heart of the roving Englishman, who subsequently conveys the *San Cristobal* to Dieppe, and is there set upon by subverted Frenchmen and left in an exceedingly dilapidated condition in a dungeon of De Bacan's devising. Fate intervening, he escapes, and the gentle hands of Mademoiselle nurse him back to health. Love induces him to follow Mademoiselle, her father and mother, to Florida. They embark with the expedition then setting forth under Admiral Jean Ribault for the relief of the French settlement at Fort Caroline, threatened with Spanish invasion. During the long voyage, and later at the fort, Killigrew's love, fostered by Mademoiselle's smiles, deepens into devotion.

Rejecting the counsels of the older settlers, who warn him against the perils of the coast and its sudden storms, Admiral Ribault refuses to await the invading Dons at the fort and determines to fight upon the high seas. Fierce hurricanes wreck the Huguenot fleet upon a rocky coast, and the castaways are left with little more than life. Swamps and marshes hold them prisoners on the little peninsula. In their sorry plight, even the appearance of their Spanish pursuers brings a ray of comfort. A truce is agreed upon, and terms of honorable surrender offered. But hereupon two factions of the party form sides. One, advocated by the trusting and prayerful Admiral, agrees to surrender; the other, preferring swords to supplications, determines to see the thing out. With the first electors Killigrew, for love of Mademoiselle, casts his lot. But the dissenters appear well advised; for, of all who surrender, but three escape in the massacre arranged by the implacable Spaniard, "inspired by God so to deal with them for His glory and that of the Inquisition."

De Bacan, with the usual shortsightedness of villany, is prompted by a strange whim to spare Killigrew, and this leads, of course, to his own subsequent undoing. For, with the aid of an escaped comrade, he (Killigrew) and one other evading, seek safety in hiding with a tribe of friendly Indians. Here they learn that none, not even the "Moonfaced Princess," as they picturesquely style Mademoiselle, has escaped the slaughter at Fort Caroline. Promptly overwhelmed by this unauthenticated report, Killigrew returns with his comrade to France. In Paris they spend months seeking redress for the Spaniards' crime. But not even the open insult to France, nor Coligny's insistence, can move the poet-king to action. Charles, sunk in inertia, yields blindly to his mother and her Italians in the pay of Spain. But where kings fail them, a noble comes to the rescue. The patriotic De Gourgues sacrifices his estates to fit out an armament to avenge French honor and his slaughtered kinsmen and, incidentally, to annihilate the wicked Spanish occupants of Fort Caroline. He discovers a formidable ally in the Satouriona warriors, savages who have sworn eternal friendship with Ribault and his countrymen and are further impelled by wrongs endured at Spanish hands—and a trifle by their own love of "scrapping," we presume.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "LABOR" COPYRIGHT 1901 BY HARPER & BROS.

So word comes to Killigrew of a Moonfaced Princess living in one of the Indian villages. Under the guidance of an Indian maid, he goes forth in quest of Mademoiselle. Their happy reunion is interrupted by the surprise attack upon Fort Caroline, when Fate matches the Englishman against his old enemy, De Bacan, and they apply the test of cold steel to their aged differences—this being the logic of romance as well as of civilized nations. But it is at the hands of the savage allies that De Bacan meets his fate—a delightfully unpleasant one, too—and passes to his reward. And with him pass the last clouds obscuring Mademoiselle's horizon. In England, rich in honor and years, Killigrew and his bride see the exit of Queen Bess, and the great Henry's ascent of the throne of France.

A stirring story of good, honest, murderous adventures, as the reader may judge from the foregoing synopsis; and cheerful reading, indeed, in these times of soul-analysis and life-problem concoctions and the mind-destroying jugglery of "words, words, words."

Labor

Zola's latest book, "Labor" (Harper & Brothers), is a dramatic exposition of socialism, and a candid apotheosis of love for humanity and sex-love for the individual. In this paean to work as an organizer and pacificator, the instinctive forces of good and evil wage a war whose solution lies in the co-organization of the toilers. Association of work and a community of possessions are advocated as alone capable of rectifying the evils of the French social system and the essential mismanagement of the world's affairs. It is the usual arraignment against wealth arraying itself with poverty as a means of warfare against hopeless apathetic labor. According to the gospel of Zola, evolution is the keynote of the new materialistic religion, which, through primary education, opposes radical and violent reforms. The characters, sadly human in their foibles and virtues, epitomize the warring elements of a condemned social system. Josine, wretched slave of starvation and lust, offers to Luc Froment, broad-minded, practical man of action, inspiration and incentive. For her he toils, a dreamer, yet a man, for abstract humanity and exalted womanhood. Jordan and his sister, enlightened humanitarians, seconding the reformer with their wealth and talents, typify the self-abnegating love of humanity, the author's fundamental principle of socialistic rehabilitation. Beisgelin, selfish weakling, intent only upon his pleasures and vices; Tarbeau, harsh, uncompromising money-getter; his wife, a woman of delicate beauty coupled with the she-wolf's fierce instinct for blood, stand for the ancient class-order of cupidity and oppression. Primordial instincts of Nature, equalizer of class distinctions, work overtime along Zola's well-beaten highways of argument. And the apocryphal dream of Communal possession of property finds expression in the evils which pursue the Qurignons. Laborers originally, they attain to great wealth and position, to their own undoing. This principle finds dramatic expression in the deathbed scene of old Jerome, the founder of the family fortunes of the Qurignons. Released from a long paralysis, he charges his granddaughter, Suzanne, to repair by restitution wrongs he has wrought. No less dramatic and forceful are the vivid descriptions of fire as an element of benefaction and destruction, the avenger of the oppressed. But this book of strength and intensity is marred by unconscious satire on the instability of human judgment. Written with an object, "Labor" is destined to carry conviction, if not of the solidity of its principles, at least of the sincerity of its author's purpose. From the sum of his genius this last pen-work will not detract.

But (*en passant*, M. Zola), the worthless laborer of story, with dreams of riches and idleness, must finally be reckoned with, not as an individual, but as a class; for so he will make himself an impelling factor.

"THE TOWER OF WYE" (TO BE REVIEWED)

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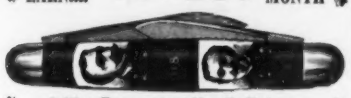

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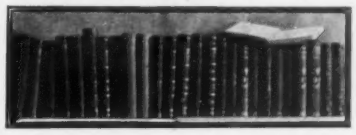
NOWHERE, save in the land of the "Wizard's Knot" (William Barry: Century Co.) could tragedy and laughter link hands with such insouciant disregard of probability. The Irishman, child of April, has a nimble tongue, backed by a wit which sparkles in truly original dialogue. The cure of the eerie potion, the philosophy of the learned schoolmaster, with childlike credence in fairies, the imprisoned mother's fatal charms, the mating of May and June, and the tragic love of the gentle for his peasant bride, are pictured with never-failing charm. Fast-linked in the Wizard's Knot of O'Dwyer's binding, puppets good and bad pursue their several destinies, and, in flitting, offer fascinating glimpses of folk-lore. The Irishman's fealty to the land of the shamrock, his picturesqueness and his soul qualities desert him on other shores. Thus this tale of home ties becomes, even to alien readers, a delightful one. It is crisp, novel, well told, and well worth reading.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"A MESSAGE from Mars!" exclaimed old Mother Earth,
Who had not been so pleased since the day of her birth.
"It really is very surprising, my Stars!
To think I've received recognition from Mars!

"Why, for thousands of years he's hung there in his place,
And I've not seen a sign of a smile on his face;
When, all of a sudden, he flashed me a glance,
And somehow it makes my old heart fairly dance,

"Now of course," she went on, "he will surely expect
A response to his greeting. It would be correct,
I am sure, to return him my very best bow,
But I ought to look gayer than I'm looking now."

Then—would you believe it?—the old earth began
To make herself smart, and to look spick and span;
She repeatedly bathed in warm April showers,
And decked herself gayly with bonny May flowers.

"Now," she said to herself, "I am ready to-day,
I'll bow grandly to Mars as he passes this way."
With a coquettish gesture she nodded her head—

. . . . . .

"*A Terrible Earthquake!!*" the newspapers said.

CAROLYN WELLS.

IN MEMORIAM

THROUGHOUT the land are love and memory keeping
Tryst at their tombs, our bravest and our best—
Scattered they lie, alas! from East to West,
With many in Virginia's bosom sleeping.
Oh, many more, with tide and tempest sweeping
Above their sepulchre, are sunk to rest
Under the surge of ocean, all unblest
To eyes that gaze with wonder, not with weeping.

As fadeless and as tender as the Spring,
Twined in our wreaths, the flower of glory blows—
'Mid roses heart-red, and the dogwood's snows,
That in remembrance to the waves we fling:
So earth shall smile, and cast a fleeting grace
O'er ocean's gray and melancholy face.

HENRY TYRRELL.

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We are not in the Camera Trust

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The Camera that has sold for $10.00, we sell for $6.00.

All Loaded, Ready to take Pictures.

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is the best camera in the market. It folds up to go in the pocket. Simple in construction. Takes pictures 3¼ x 3¼. *Send for Book*, 100 testimonials, and other printed matter.

THE BEDFORD CAMERA does not fold up, uses films and takes pictures 3¼ x 3¼; THE LUX CAMERA takes 4 x 5 pictures on glass plates. Price for either, all loaded, $3.00.

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27 Warren St. . . Boston, Mass.

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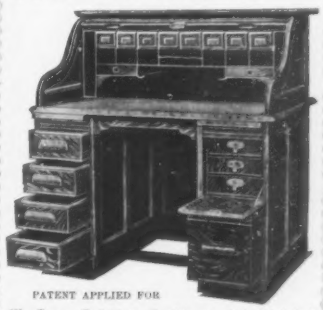
$19.85 Buys this Handsome "Macey"

desk, No. 10-H, *direct* from the **factory**, sent "**On Approval,**" to be returned at our expense if not found positively the best roll-top desk ever sold at so low a price.

This desk is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawed oak front, closed back, front base mould, 18 pigeon-holes, 8 file boxes, 2 arm rests, BALL-BEARING casters, and 3 **complete letter files.** This desk has a beautiful polish finish, and from a dealer would cost $28 to $35.



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The Keeley Institutes are neither hospitals nor prisons, but are as homelike as it is possible to make them. There is no confinement, nor is the slightest restraint put upon the patients beyond the request that they shall observe the few simple rules and take faithfully the medicines prescribed. Neither are the patients treated as offenders against the morals of society, but as gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with a disease that is curable.

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The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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Best and simplest device made for holding a string tie in place. Impossible for tie to ride up on the collar or get around under the ears. Especially adapted for evening dress ties and ladies' shirt waist ties. Slides through collar easily and holds tie firmly. Handsomely made of Rolled Gold plate. Agents wanted everywhere. Of dealers, or sent direct postpaid on receipt of price, 25c.

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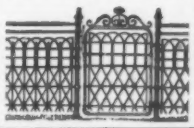

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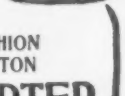

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The lenses used in these instruments are specially ground, are meniscus achromatic and are carefully tested by an experienced inspector. They are in short the finest achromatic lenses that can be made, covering the plate clear and sharp to the very corners.

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These Kodaks have two brilliant view finders, one for vertical and one for horizontal exposures. There are no loose parts to become lost or mislaid, and to load is simplicity itself. Made of aluminum, covered with the finest black morocco, with handsomely nickeled fittings.

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Do., 6 ex.,	.20
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case,	1.25

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For rectangular pictures 3¼ x 4¼ inches; capacity, 12 exposures without reloading; size of Camera, 1⅝ x 4¼ x 7¼ in.; weight, 22 ozs.; length of focus of lens, 5 in.

The lens is rapid rectilinear and carefully tested, the shutter is the Eastman Automatic, and is fitted with a set of three stops. Reversible brilliant finder with hood, index for focusing, tripod socket for horizontal exposures.

Made of aluminum and covered with the finest black morocco, with full nickel fittings, this instrument will prove the ideal camera for those who demand the highest excellence in camera construction, yet desire a pocket instrument.

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